

# GRADUATE CHIPS



BIRTHPLACES OF PRESIDENTS JOHN ADAMS AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS  
QUINCY, MASS.

Central Junior High  
June 1928

Adrienne Relcourse '31

Dorothy Newton 9B-L-1

Room 3, Central Junior High School  
Quincy, Mass.



Telephone Granite 2247

Room 28 Adams Bldg.

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Mayor

Thomas J. McGrath

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Granite Chips

FROM

Thomas S. Burgin

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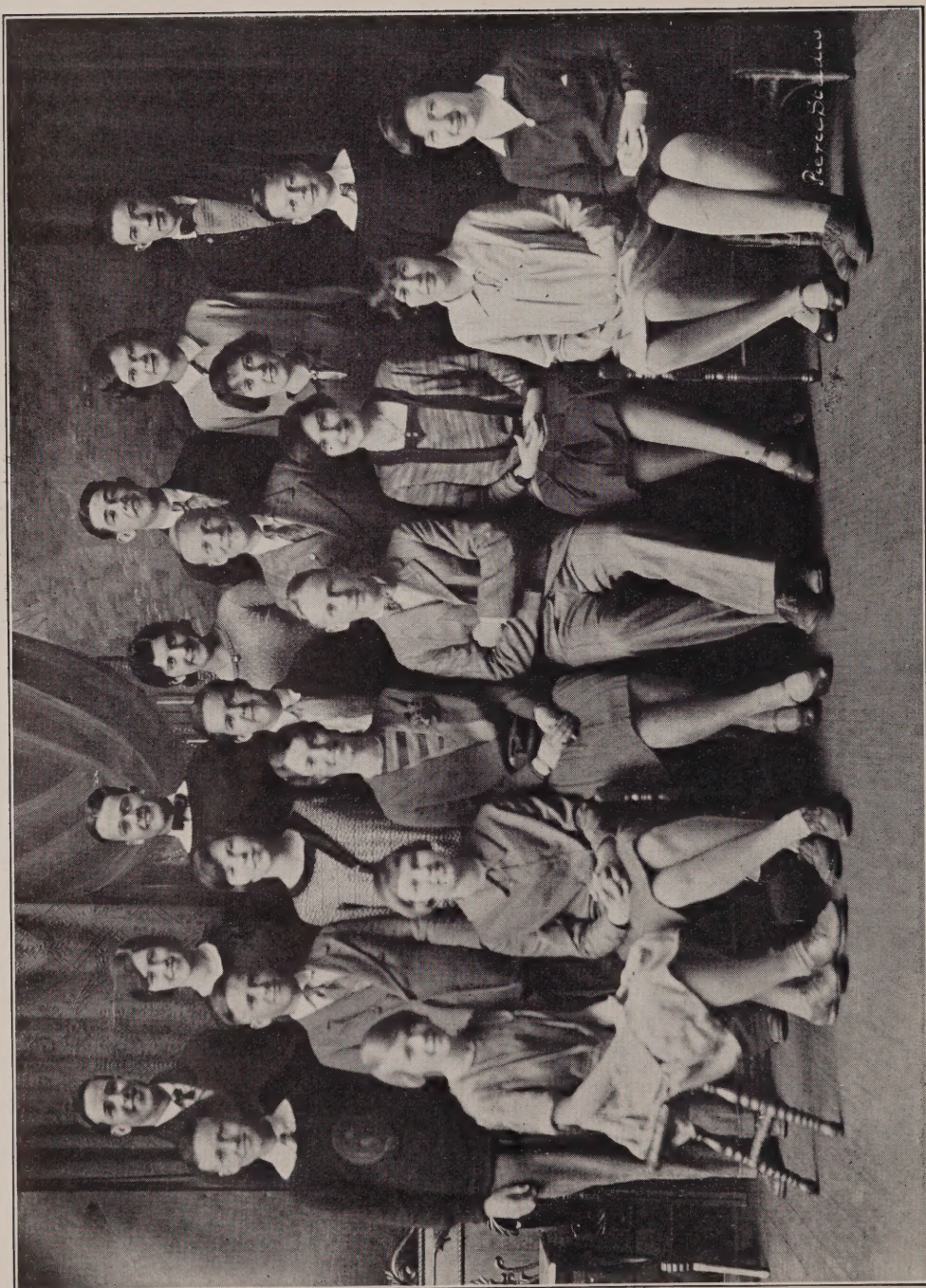
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GRANITE CHIPS STAFF



Published by  
the Granite Chips Staff of  
**CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL**  
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

Vol. III. No. 2

June, 1928



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## Goodbye!

We may be leaving Junior High,  
But we're sure we won't forget  
The help we had at Junior High,  
Or the teachers whom we met.

Of course we made some trouble;  
As all school children will,  
But surely you'll forgive us,  
For the times we were not still.

We're very, very grateful  
To you teachers, one and all,  
And especially Mr. Goodspeed  
For his hope and trust in all.

So we bid goodbye, dear Junior High,  
To pupils, teachers, all,  
And when we've gone to Senior High  
Glad mem'ries we'll recall.

— Mary J. Blake, 9 AC2





The Staff of Granite Chips wishes to thank its readers  
for their loyal support and hopes that everyone has  
the best of vacations.

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PARENTS AND FRIENDS:

It is always a great pleasure for me to have just a small part in this very excellent school publication which the GRANITE CHIP staff, with the help of Miss Cole, is producing twice each year.

It means a lot of work, yet, on the other hand, it is the product of the hopes, desires, and enthusiasm of boys and girls interested in a worth while project and willing to labor in order that it may be worthy the name of our school.

It carries with it the hope that its readers will enjoy it and through its message will become better acquainted with our school life and more anxious to help in every way to make Central Junior a fine school.

Sincerely yours,

DAVID H. GOODSPEED, *Master.*

Through the courtesy of the staff of GRANITE CHIPS, the Mayor has been allowed to become, temporarily, a member of the staff. The appointment is a pleasureable experience and I trust that I may achieve as much success as a staff member as has been the good fortune of the permanent force. It is not a small undertaking to produce a magazine of the character of the Central Junior High periodical. Staff and members deserve the sincere congratulations of all who admire the spirit of ambition and industry and cleverness so clearly visible in its pages.

From my own point of view I must say that GRANITE CHIPS is a very creditable production. I may claim some authority for passing judgment on a school magazine since for many years I have been employed in the printing industry. Perhaps in the years to come some of the present staff, who have helped in

bringing the magazine to its present standard, may find their life's work in professional journalism. It is a fruitful field for the writer of correct English and if to this quality be added imagination, and enthusiasm, the finished and capable journalist is the result.

Of course not all the members who have contributed to GRANITE CHIPS will choose the profession of journalism, but there are other callings in which correct English, imagination, industry, perseverance and a strong faith in one's self will find a place in the world's work. This, I believe, is the aim of all the members of the Central Junior High and I hope that all will realize the fulfilment of every laudible ambition which has been cultivated during the three years in the school.

THOMAS J. McGRATH,  
*Mayor City of Quincy.*

\* \* \* \*

As the time for vacation draws near, I wish to thank all the students of the Central Junior High School for the co-operation they have shown during my semester as Mayor of our School. I know you all did your part in making our School government a success. I wish to thank, also, the heads of departments for the fine work they have accomplished. Thank you, and a pleasant vacation to all.

ALLEN MELVILLE, *Mayor.*

\* \* \* \*

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead," but if you should find yourself charging against a stone wall of circumstances of which you were unaware, it might be well to withdraw your forces and try a different way. Don't make out one single course, and insist upon the whole world's conforming to it because it seems right to you—you will

have a large and unwieldy proposition on your hands. If you must reform, begin in a gentle way, for there may be others whose judgment is almost as ripe as your own, and it is possible that they may feel an urgent call to reform you—therefore, do as you would be done by.

There is no one more noble than a strong, true man steadily following the dictates of his conscience, and, through good or ill reports, hewing to the line. He is, indeed, worthy of admiration, he's the man who inspires the deepest confidence, and the one who, having found a flaw in his seemingly perfect work, does not shrink from looking back, from closely investigating and, regardless of the derision of his companions and the world, from making the first move to retrace his steps and repair the mischiefs. If you are sure you are right, never turn back, but do not fall into the error of thinking yourself infallible. We are all apt to make mistakes, and he is bravest, and truest to himself, who does not hesitate to openly admit himself in the wrong.

GEORGE GUINDON, June '31.

## SCHOOL ELECTION

The primary election was held February 10, 1928.

A final election was held on February 14, 1928. The results were:

Mayor: Allen Melville.

Councilors-at-large:

Thomas Blake	489 votes
Harriet Blowers	389 votes
John Carroll	507 votes
Doris Tapley	360 votes
Walter Young	456 votes

Councilors:

Room 1—Ellen Fagerlund
Room 2—Priscilla Josselyn
Room 3—Robert Noyes



Room 4—Alice Savage  
 Room 5—Harold Pottle  
 Room 6—Helen Drummond  
 Room 7—George Guindon  
 Room 8—Stephen Follett  
 Room 9—George Gaudett  
 Room 10—Robert MacArthur  
 Room 11—Paul D'Angelo  
 Room 12—John Stevens  
 Room 21—Peggy Pinkham  
 Room 22—Betty McCoolle  
 Room 23—Phyllis Keene  
 Room 24—Donald Guston  
 Room 25—Dorothy MacLean  
 Room 26—Kenneth Lavers  
 Room 27—Arthur Szathmary  
 Room 28—Ralph Jacoby  
 Room 29—Norman Moberg  
 Room 31—Edward Hillstrom  
 Room 32—Watson Leitch  
 Room 34—Avis Firguhor  
 Room 37—Marjorie Platner

### **CENTRAL JUNIOR HIGH INAUGURATION**

The Inauguration was held on February 17, 1928. To the music of the march, "N C 4," the Councilors, Councilors-at-Large, and Mayor, marched into the Assembly.

After they were seated Mr. Goodspeed read Matthew 5 (13-16) from the Bible. Then the Mayor, Allen Melville, took the oath of office, administered by Ex-Mayor Theodore Darrah. Then Allen Melville made the Inauguration Address. Cheers were given for the new Mayor. The Council was organized with John Carroll as President. Then came the appointments:

Treasurer, Carl Peterson; Chief of Traffic, Mary Rigby; Fire, Ross Patten; Chairman of Board of Health, Virginia Cockrane.

### **JOE POCANTICO'S ENTERTAINMENT**

One afternoon our School was entertained by the Sioux Indian, Joe Pocantico. He lives on an Indian reservation with his Indian comrades and came to tell us of the life they live.

Among the things he first showed us were the poisoned arrows which were used in killing animals and men, the beautiful beaded articles of finery used by the squaws, the sharp stones and other Indian weapons, and last of all the Indian flag, an elaborate piece of skin on which is sewed a feather of the golden eagle each time a battle is won.

After this gorgeous display of articles he showed us his skill in tying knots, and with the help of an assistant, performed many difficult lariat stunts.

At the end of this interesting program Mr. Pocantico danced the Indian war dance. He also sang a few songs partly in Indian, and partly in English.

HELEN MUSTONEN, 9A L3

### **GEORGE T. PLUMMER'S ENTERTAINMENT**

On Thursday, March 19, 1928, at two o'clock, a moving picture of "Pilgrim Land and Old New England Whaling" was enjoyed by some of the pupils of Central Junior High School. George Plummer gave a very interesting talk on this subject, including the preparation of the voyage, the young men signing up for four years, and loading the ship with casks of water, supplies, knives, sails, wood, and provisions to sail away to the seven seas. He told, too, of the thrill of portless roaming, the dangers of a galled whale and an upset boat. This was of thrilling in-





STUDENT GOVERNMENT  
MAYOR, HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS, COUNCILORS-AT-LARGE



terest to the pupils of Central Junior High School and I am sure everyone enjoyed it.

DOROTHY WHITE.

### BIG BROTHER VISITS

Outstanding among our radio entertainers is Mr. Robert Emery, popularly known as "Big Brother." During the last semester Central Junior High had the honor, through the efforts of the Council, to have him speak to us. His clear, unhurried choice of words captivated us all.

"Big Brother" stated that when he was a pupil it was customary for pupils to receive visits from important looking gentlemen in frock coats who would hold up their hands and declare in a solemn and dignified voice: "Children, you do not realize the wonderful work of the school." He said that then and there he vowed he would never, when he "grew up," tell any school that.

"Big Brother's" music was especially good and he played for us on his ukulele many selections, including "Stick in the Mud," a song about the lamentable experiences of a boy whose name was "Stick in the Mud"; "The Grass Is Always Greener in Your Own Back Yard" and "The Bad Manners Family."

The last thing "Big Brother" played was a request, "The Three Trees." This was, as many of us have heard over the radio, about the three trees, a huntsman, and a "pretty little rabbit."

The assembly was enjoyed by everyone present, and we left hoping that "Big Brother" would soon return.

JOSEPH FORD, 9B L2.

### PIRATES OF PENZANCE

"The Pirates of Penzance," a thrilling operetta, was held in the Senior High of our city on April 11, 1928. The teachers of Quincy gave the play. Those that took part from our school were: Miss Lela Belle Smith, Miss Doris Wordell, Mr. Stanwood Fish, Mr. David Goodspeed, and Mr. Theodore Silva. The play proved very successful and interesting.

HELEN MUSTONEN, 9A L3.

### SPELLING MATCHES

A new interest in spelling has been created this year, through Spelling Bees carried on in conjunction with the Big Brother Club of Station WEEL.

At the spelling match held in our Assembly Hall, conducted by Mr. Muir, to select the 235 best spellers of the city, 9 were from our School; 11 from North; and 5 from South. In the spelling bee conducted by "Big Brother," Bob Emery, to choose two champions from each school to spell for the championship of the Junior High Schools of Boston, Helen Souden and Gertrude Queenan of our School were the winners.

In the championship spelling bee both of our girls did especially well and we are very proud of them. Helen was the fourth from the last, failing on the word sluice, which she spelled "sleuce." We hope to do better next time.

### 9A RECEPTION

On May 23, at 7.30 P. M. the 9A's held an informal reception. Our hostess was Mrs. Goodspeed, and our host, Mr. Goodspeed. Among our other guests were the Misses Burke, Balboni, Kennedy, Scanlon, Woodbury



Publicover, Stockwell, Wardell, Welch and Cole, and also Messrs. Silva, Fish, Junior High School in the Assembly and King.

The program started with the grand march headed by Mrs. Goodspeed and Thomas Blake. The orchestra was composed of four Quiney boys. Dancing was enjoyed and later on refreshments were served by the Leaders Club, under the direction of Miss Welch.

The reception ended when everyone sang the School song, and the guests, teachers and pupils went home, well satisfied with the evening's program.

DOROTHY WHITE, 9A L3.

### HIGH SCHOOL BAND VISITS

The High School Band, under the leadership of Mr. Fish, formerly of Sousa's Band, visited our school on Tuesday, May 22, and gave us a very unusual concert.

Miss Howes explained the use of various instruments just before the band started to play. Several selections were rendered and the time passed altogether too quickly. We certainly enjoyed the band and hope the boys will come again.

JOSEPH FORD, 9B L2.

### "PENROD"

The four-act comedy "Penrod," taken from Booth Tarkington's story, was staged for the students of the Central Hall, Tuesday, May 15, 1928, at one o'clock, by the Senior Dramatic Club, supervised by Miss Burke and Miss Balboni.

The Instrumental Club, under the direction of Miss Lydon, played between acts and candy was sold by the candy girls, in charge of Miss Turner.

Wednesday evening, May 16, "Penrod" was presented a second time. The hall was filled and the players acted very well.

Monday evening, May 21, the play was put on a third time for the benefit of the Family Welfare Society. It was a great success.

The ushers, under the direction of Miss Cole, were: George Guindon, Daniel, Keeler, Allen Melville, Philip Wall, Jean Dufault, Carl Moberg, William Pasley, Walter Bramble, Richard Bradford, Roger McCormick, Watson Leitch, Clarence Leahy, Walter Roberts, and Reid Foster.

The candy girls, in charge of Miss Turner, were: Doris Tapley, chairman; Arlene Carter, Eileen Baker, Clare Collogan, Mary Varney, Alice O'Connell, Helen Fitzgerald, Elizabeth Cornish, Alice Rogers, Mary Rigby, Barbara Somers, Harriet Blowers, Helen Boulier, Gertrude Queenan, Dora Di Gravio, Carrie Bohlken, and Jeanette Whitelaw.

The cast was as follows:—

Jim	Ernest Genereau
Della—the Schofield cook,	Alice Savage
Mary Schofield—Penrod's mother	
	Elizabeth Austin
Mr. Jones—Marjorie's father	
	Hubert De Coste
Jarge	Edward Cutler
Robert Williams	Theodore Darrah
Mrs. Bassett	Joanna Collins
Margaret Schofield—Penrod's sister	
	Virginia Cochrane
Herbert Hamilton Dade	
	Joseph Del Vecchio
Penrod Schofield	Harry Coleman
Sam Williams	John Duffy
Marjorie Jones	Ruth Murphy
George Basset	Joseph Winship
Rev. Lester Kinosling	William Sullivan
Herman	Wilfred Crozier





dren's Hospital for Contagious Disease in Brighton, because the children have to stay there so long.

Before the close of school the Club hopes to send away twenty attractive scrap-books.

EDWINA HILLSTROM, *Secretary*.

### POTTERY CLUB

This Club for girls has been very successful. Harriet Blowers is our Treasurer and Miss White our advisor. We have made small vases of clay which have just been taken out to Brighton to be glazed.

MEREDITH WALSH, 9A.

### GIRLS' WORK SHOP

The Girls' Workshop, Room 20, was organized for the purpose of supplying poor and unhappy children with toys and necessities. Our Club is not very large, but all the girls are very industrious and manage to get much work done in the short period we have for this purpose. The officers are: Ethel Smith, President; Marion Patterson, Treasurer; Grace Seager, Secretary.

There are three different groups of workers: one is finishing a doll house which is to be given away; another is working on little girls' dresses; while the third is working on dresses for small china dolls.

Once in a while we have visitors, when a member of the doll house group is absent, to help paint, make curtains, rugs, etc. Mrs. Richmond is at the head of this Club and helps us in every way by suggesting styles for dresses, decorations, paint for the house, etc. This Club has been rightfully named, for it is truly a place of work.

HELEN MAHONEY, 9A.

### AFTER FORTY-FOUR YEARS

A pupil from one of the Civics classes asked, "Where can I find something about the schools of a generation ago?" In looking up the answer we found a school report of 1884-85 and this is what it said: "There are two urgent needs of the school to which I would call the attention of the Committee. The first is the necessity of a school library in order that such instruction in history and literature may be afforded as is demanded by the best thought of the present time. . . . Without prolonging further this discussion as to how literature and history should be taught we are entirely safe in affirming that a good library is a necessity in every well-equipped High School. By the use of the term 'library,' a collection of books is meant. An apartment should be set aside large enough to contain ample shelf room and tables for books of reference and writing. The library itself will be a growth; the needs of the school dictating the order of the acquisitions, while pupils, friends of the school and public friends all contribute to the desired end. At the expiration of a few years, without imposing a burden upon anyone, a collection of books will be secured, which will exactly answer the demands of the school, because they have been chosen to meet its needs. However good a public library exists, the well-being of the school demands its own library. It is very important that the books should be entirely under the control of the teachers and always available for immediate and prolonged use. Nor need there be any fear that the usefulness of the Thomas Crane Library will be in the least impaired by the establishment of this High School Library. On the other hand,

the pupils will be educated to a wiser and more active employment of the advantages afforded by that institution."

After a period of forty-four years we now have in the Central Junior High School, a library which is not only used for history and literature, but for geography, civics, science, in fact it is possible to find something on almost every subject taught in this school. Fiction books are always popular and "outside" reading books are constantly in demand.

In our library we have about two thousand books and we subscribe to twelve different magazines and three newspapers. Although we have not ample shelf room we hope to have two new stacks built by next term. The library seats forty-five people, which is too small a capacity for some periods and yet sufficient for others when few pupils have study periods. One page 43 there is a plan of our Central Junior

High School Library, made by George Guindon in connection with the library lessons called "Find It Yourself."

Pupils and friends have contributed to the library. Only this month Doctor Hunting has given us a set of encyclopedias and a set of American histories. We still acknowledge the usefulness of the Thomas Crane Library. We have had the loan of three groups of books this year, one of these sets especially for the Book Club. Miss Kingman, the Librarian of the Children's Room at the Thomas Crane Library, ran a contest for the Eighth and Ninth Grade Book Clubs on the identification of books from illustrations and covers. In the latter part of June she is going to give the Book Clubs a talk on "Books for Vacation Reading."

Without going into details, the library has been a growth and the "needs of the school have dictated the order of the acquisitions."





### THE MAN IN ARMOR

It was dark and gloomy along the old road, an owl hooted ominously in a nearby tree and a general air of evil prevailed. A short way back from the road on a slightly elevated strip of land stood an old, gray, brick mansion about which hung an air of faded gentility.

Inside, in the library, sat a man of perhaps fifty years. He was of medium height and had retained his athletic figure despite his advanced years. His hair was iron gray and his face in less tense moments might have been a kindly one. At the moment we find him an expression of perplexity swept across his face—and the muscles of his countenance became taut. His mind was in a state of confusion. Would the man in armor ride tonight? Would he? Sir William Harrington, the greatest detective of Scotland Yard, allow this man of mystery to baffle *him*!

Suddenly his countenance changed, and a look of determination replaced that of perplexity. He rose and muttered fiercely, "I will catch him if it's the last thing I ever accomplish."

He strode from the room and proceeded to make the necessary preparations for his watch by the old road, in an attempt to capture the notorious criminal generally known as the "man

This bandit had for a period of three months baffled even the master minds of Scotland Yard. He fairly haunted the old road which borders near the outskirts of London. His victims were invariably parties of London pleasure seekers returning from the country. Goods, money, and jewels, all had been plundered by a man who worked with a lone hand. No one knew him. He came but no one saw him. He went—no one knew where. All anyone knew was that a strange, mysterious rider clad in a burnished suit of armor came tearing through the forest astride a white horse.

To return to our story, Sir William called Scotland Yard by phone, summoning two of his best men, donned dark clothes, inconspicuous in the fast darkening night, and put on a pair of soft soled shoes. He slipped a flashlight into his pocket and last, but by no means least, he opened a secret com-

partment in his desk and brought forth a small pearl handled revolver, which he put in his right trouser pocket, where he could reach it at a moment's notice. Then Sir William sat down in an easy chair to await his colleagues.

Just as he was seated and beginning to relax, he was startled by three short rasping rings of the telephone at his right.

He lifted the receiver, at the same time wondering who would call him at such a late hour.

The voice at the phone spoke in a dull monotone, "Sir William Harrington? Can you come at once to Gladdington Castle? Sir Henry Gladdington desires that you come at once. You say you cannot? Can you not possibly arrange it?"

Impatiently Sir William acquiesced, thinking, "What does the young Gladdington scapegrace want with me tonight?"

At that moment the doorbell rang and Sir William's butler announced, "Mr. Smith and Mr. Higgins, sir."

"Show them in, Davis," said Sir William, a trace of a smile flitting across his face.

The two men entered. Smith was middle aged, of slender build, and sharp eyed. Higgins was a younger man, loosely built, and of a keen wit. He had corn colored hair, one lock of which hung rakishly down over one eye. Both were attired in clothes similar to those worn by Sir William and each carried a small, ugly looking revolver.

Both eyed Sir William quizzically. Presently, Higgins broke the silence, "What is it this time, sir? The man in armor?"

"Yes," answered Sir William soberly.

"Afraid it's hopeless, sir," returned Higgins with a shake of his head. However, we can have a try, eh Smith?"

"Certainly," said Smith quietly. He was a calm man and usually did not voice his opinions.

"Well, boys, we're wasting time here. I just received a call from Gladdington Castle saying that I am wanted there directly," broke in Sir William. "Smith, you conceal yourself among the bushes by the road. Keep your eyes open and if occasion offers don't be afraid to use your gun. Higgins, you come with me to the castle and we'll join Smith within a few hours."

The three men left the mansion, Smith leaving the others at the door, where they hastily drove off in Sir William's roadster.

Gladdington Castle stood on a hill overlooking the village of that name and named for a family which was both old and famous. Of this family Sir Henry Gladdington was the last, being heir to the castle, vast properties, and a huge fortune.

It was at this castle that Sir William and Higgins arrive fifteen minutes later. They were admitted by a stolid man, a servant, obviously, the same with whom Sir William had conversed over the 'phone.

They were shown into a spacious library luxuriously furnished with rare antiques.

The scion of the house of Gladdington was seated in a huge chair. He was a young man of average physique, chestnut hair, and about twenty years of age. But his eyes were unusual. They were a queer shade of blue with a dangerous glint in them. He wore a lounging robe and red leather slippers. He was apparently of a careless and irresponsible nature.



As the detectives entered, Gladdington greeted them: "Hello, Sir William, won't you and your friends have a seat?"

At this Sir William said sternly, "Gladdington, if you have business with me, inform me of it. I must hurry."

"Business?" he appeared puzzled.

"Oh, yes, you're invited to a ball Arthur Follett is giving tomorrow. He asked me to tell you."

Sir William could not contain himself longer: "Young man, what do you mean by calling me at this hour on such a wild goose chase? I'll—"

"Sir William Hopkins has prepared a new kind of punch, won't you sample it?" offered Sir Henry not at all perturbed. Sir William agreed wishing to watch Gladdington and determine the meaning of his queer conduct. Sir Henry touched a bell and the servant appeared. "Hopkins, mix these gentlemen some punch and, Hopkins, some of the new kind if you please."

Hopkins approached a small stand upon which were the necessary ingredients. Sir William experienced a feeling of uneasiness. Hopkins was tall and gaunt and his eyes evil. Sir William's back was to the servant so that he was unable to discern his actions. Suddenly his glance was drawn toward a massive sideboard which stood directly in front of him. On its highly polished surface was reflected the servant mixing the punch. Sir William watched intently and saw the man Hopkins glance around nervously; then, with a swift motion of the hand, bring forth a small white paper from which he poured a powdery substance into the two glasses. Sir William gave no evidence of having noticed anything out of the ordinary, but turning to the detective, Higgins, as though remembering something said,

"Higgins, as we have some unexpected business to attend to I think we'd better go. Are you ready?" And he continued, "I'm sure our host will excuse us."

Gladdington seemed much disturbed and used every persuasive means to delay him, but Sir William was not to be trifled with. Sir William soon made his departure.

Outside the castle, Sir William turned to Higgins. Did you see that young scoundrel trying to drug us? Is that servant in league with Gladdington? If so, what's their game?"

Here he paused to regain his composure.

Higgins weighed the matter, then answered, "I can't be sure, sir, but I think this Hopkins is in league with Gladdington. I don't know what their game is, but I mean to find out. I say, sir, has it occurred to you that this might have some bearing on the man in armor?"

"Yes, Higgins, it has, but it seems improbable that a young man of his station should stoop to such a thing. No, Higgins, I think you're wrong.

"Perhaps," muttered Higgins, dubiously.

"That," said Sir William, "is a point which must be solved. I must now join Smith; you stay here and keep a close watch on the castle. If anything occurs which you cannot handle make your way to the castle and 'phone the yard. Ask for Johnson, Hunter and Gerard. Good luck." With these words Sir William drove off to join Smith.

"Have you seen anything?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, I have," so saying Sir William recounted his experiences.

The two waited for about two hours. On the stroke of two they heard in the distance the faint clatter of a horse's



hoofs and saw an indistinct silhouette of horse and rider. Both instinctively reached for his revolver. As the rider approached, they fired. The shots failed to penetrate his armor. They fired a second time and for the next few seconds shots flew back and forth. Finally the "Man in Armor" fell back wounded. He tried to escape but the detectives were too quick for him. Realizing that at last he was outwitted he ceased to struggle. Sir William and Smith, fearing his escape, took him to the former's home before questioning him.

The three were seated in the library. The long hoped for moment had arrived. The bandit was about to be unmasked.

Unceremoniously Sir William pulled off the mask. As he did so all his triumph vanished. For the bandit was—Sir Henry Gladdington!

"As I thought," said Sir William, tensely.

After a moment he continued, "Well, Gladdington, this is an embarrassing situation to find you in. Have you, as a gentleman, any explanation to offer?"

"None," replied Gladdington sullenly, "except that I was bored of living a conventional life. I longed for excitement and adventure, but I knew it couldn't last."

"And were you thinking of your future or of your family name when you were reveling in this excitement?" This Sir William flung at him in tones of contemptuous wrath.

Gladdington shifted uneasily and Sir William went on, "Young man, I don't care about your going to prison. You deserve it, but your father was a fine man and my best friend. Would you want to sully his name? No Gladdington, I can't send you to prison and see a reputation surviving through generations, shattered by one so unworthy of the name."

"You have the stolen goods, I presume?" queried Sir William.

Gladdington nodded.

"Young man," said Sir William, "you return the goods within forty-eight hours and take passage for South America within a week. Make good within a year and then if you choose, come back to England and I'll be glad to shake the hand of Henry Gladdington."

"I'll do it," said Gladdington.

Just then the door opened and a much torn and sheepish looking Higgins entered. "Sir, I almost got him but he tied me up. I just managed to free myself! Why—"

Here his eyes fell on Gladdington whom he heretofore had not noticed.

"It's all right, Higgins," interposed Sir William, "and remember," turning to the two detectives, "what happened this evening is a closed book. Is that clear?"

Being veteran detectives, they understood and nodded in agreement. Sir William retired with the conviction that this was a duty better left unperformed.

\* \* \*

One year later a personable young man walked into Sir William Harrington's office at Scotland Yard. Upon his meeting with Sir William he was not at first recognized.

"Sir William, do you remember one for whom you did an act of mercy a year ago?"

"Why, great Scott! How you've changed! And I hear you're now manager of the London office for F. S. Field and Company. Young man, you've made good and I'm glad and proud to shake your hand."

"Thank you, sir," said Gladdington. And they shook hands solemnly.

HELEN SOUDEN, 9B L1.

### SPRING TIME

Spring is the time of the year when Nature puts  
on her most beautiful costume.  
Birds sing their sweet songs in trees which have  
just put on foliage and blossoms.  
The fragrance of opening flowers is everywhere  
anyone goes.  
In the fields mixed in grasses are white and blue  
violets;  
Maple trees shorn of their blossoms are flaunting  
their greenest of leaves;  
Apple and pear trees have clusters now bursting  
in pink and white flowers.  
Now let us visit the gardens where Man lends  
a hand with Dame Nature.  
Glowing in beds are the large scarlet poppies,  
and blooming nearby  
Are the white flowered narcissus, the lilies-of-  
valley and golden hued jonquils;  
Tulips, with large curling leaves, are out in  
their most gorgeous colors;  
Lilacs are also in blossom, wisteria vines are  
deep violet.  
Oh, Nature is handsome in spring, when birds  
sing their sweet songs in chorus!

ROGER McCORMICK, 9A C2.

### THE KING OF THE NORTH WOODS

Silently he stood. The ground about him was covered with snow. Yet Warsaw, the moose, saw not the snow around him. He saw instead green grass, where the snow was not piled high, a beautiful pond with plenty of those delicious lily pads, where now one could see only the drifted snow on the ice-coated pond. He felt not the raw north wind that was blowing incessantly through the trees. He felt warm breezes that tell of spring. Spring? Ah! spring seemed all but a myth these dreary days.

A queer sensation crept over Warsaw as he dreamed on. A sensation that he could not understand. He longed for something, he knew not what. Then it suddenly came to him. He wanted someone to care for, someone to fight for, someone to love. His longing added with the loneliness of his situation

surged up within him. He straightened up and sent forth the cry of the Canadian Moose. It was full of loneliness and sadness as its echo re-echoed again and again.

He little expected an answer, but from out of the endless forest of conifers came a cry, a fierce cry, a challenge. As its echoes died away, it was followed by the plaintive whine of the female moose. Warsaw gave voice again, but what a difference between this cry and the former cry. He also sent a challenge. With this he galloped away. The two moose met under the spreading branches of a huge cedar tree. They did not paw the ground, but went straight to battle. Back and forth they raged until both were wounded severely. At last Warsaw saw his chance. The other moose had neglected for a moment to guard the most fatal part of any animal, the heart. Warsaw seeing this, plunged his flat-horns deep into his opponent's heart. The moose sank to the ground without a sound, thus yielding up his life.

On a little hillock near the scene of the battle stood the victorious moose. By his side stood a beautiful female moose. A wandering moon-beam found its way to the little hillock lighting up the beautiful horns of Warsaw, who felt no longer lonely. Proud and happy was he; king of the north woods.

SIBLEY HIGGINBOTHAM, 8A L1.

### "PENROD"

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the 9A play of "Penrod," here.  
On the 16th of May, in '28,  
Came the performance I now relate.

Coached by Miss Burke 'most every day;  
With Miss Balboni's help we studied that play.  
"Made up" by Miss Hanley, Miss White and  
Miss Cole;

Dressed up by "Prof." Fish for ev'ry male role.

While prompted back stage by good Miss Wordell  
We made an appearance that turned out quite  
well.





BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss Lydon, between acts, the music did lead,  
 And Miss Turner's sweet candy girls the assem-  
 bly did feed.  
 Mr. King and his boys, the scenery did build,  
 While the stage Mr. Goodspeed with bushes had  
 filled.  
 And the ushers in blue coats, bow ties, and  
 white "trou,"  
 Escorted the audience with courteous bow.  
 On the night of the 16th was gathered the  
 crowd,  
 Who listened attentively, applauded right loud.  
 The first on the stage, was Della, the cook,  
 Who withered poor Tim with a right "savage"  
 look.  
 And the shifty-eyed Tim, I'm sure you'll all  
 say,  
 As the crook pal of H. Dade, got quickly away.  
 While that sleek, mustached thief, known as  
 Hamilton Dade,  
 Made an intrigue against father, a proposal to  
 maid.  
 'Twas he who converted "Penrod the Sly"  
 From boy to "detec-i-tive," the horse thief to  
 spy.  
 Sam his assistant, and "Herman the Black,"  
 And tongue-tied young Verman, in noise did  
 not lack.  
 They drove Mr. Schofield almost stark insane;  
 While poor Robert Williams dashed out in the  
 rain,  
 Because the fair Margaret, his pleas would not  
 heed,  
 As Bob, she explained, more learning did need.  
 Poor Mrs. Schofield was in dark despair,  
 Trying to get Penrod "red flannels" to wear.  
 But calm Mrs. Bassett had really no fear  
 That her "gentleman" Georgie would ever act  
 queer.  
 Tall Mr. Jones almost robbed by H. Dade,  
 Was the father of Marjorie, that gay little maid,  
 Who pleased the brave Penrod, as all of us  
 know.  
 By declaring in writing that he was her "bow".  
 Jarge the poor victim of Della's commands,  
 Dragged struggling Penrod straight home in his  
 hands.  
 And the new minister, Reverend S. Kinosling,  
 Was completely embarrassed when the hornets  
 'gan sting.  
 While the Chief of Police, so portly and grave,  
 To quivering Penrod, a medal he gave,  
 So ended the play of May, '28,  
 The performance of which I have tried to relate.

JOHN DUFFY, 9A.

## CLASS PROPHECY

### *Looking Into the Future*

Awaken, magic crystal, unlock to us the tale  
 Of the fates that 'fell our comrades  
 At the end of Time's long flail.

Twenty years have passed since the  
 9A class graduated from the Central  
 Junior High School! Twenty long  
 years. Our paths have severed and I  
 am wondering tonight what has become  
 of my classmates. Who can tell? None  
 except my magic crystal. It alone holds  
 the key which will unlock the stories of  
 my friends. To my query it flames and  
 sparkles in myriad colors.

Finally the crystal blurs, then clears,  
 presenting the view of a great office.  
 Amid the somber splendiddness and  
 haughty grandeur sits a young gentle-  
 man at a polished mahogany desk. On  
 closer observation we find that this is  
 Tom Blake who now is president of the  
 Amalgamated Steel Works. He began  
 as secretary to the president, after which  
 he became vice-president and then he  
 was elected to the office of president.  
 President Blake is now being interviewed  
 by a reporter for the New York Courier,  
 owned by George Guindon. The re-  
 porter is a charming young lady in the  
 person of Elizabeth Cornish. Tom is  
 telling her that he got his start, as busi-  
 ness manager of the GRANITE CHIPS  
 MAGAZINE.

As the scene fades from view a glow of  
 color and a faint strain of music heralds  
 the next. It is a brightly lighted auto-  
 mobile salon. Amid the sleek, high  
 powered cars we find Helen Boulrier. She  
 is one of the star saleswomen of the  
 Silver Motor Company which is run by  
 Bernard Silver, whose motto is: "After  
 you ride in a Silver Car you will never  
 ride in any other." As we later find  
 Miss Boulrier out on the concrete in one



on the cars demonstrating to a remonstrating customer, we are inclined to agree with the motto.

The scene changes suddenly. It is a dimly lighted motion picture theatre. Across the silver screen float the magic words: "Harriet Blowers in 'Speed'." A hush of awed silence from the audience, then a burst of expectant applause. Miss Blowers the 1948 successor to Greta Garbo is leading lady of the Hollywood Picture Colony, now situated where once stood Houghs Neck.

The leading man, who is playing opposite Miss Blower and who is considered the screen's, "Most Romantic Personage, is Ted Darrah. The bold, bad villain" who causes the audience to tremble with terror is Joseph Del Vecchio, who, we will remember, played the villain in the class play "Penrod."

A comedy is flashed on after the play and we find that the star is Eugene Brennan. He has taken the place of Charlie Chaplin.

After the hilarious comedy comes the "Event of the Day" released by the Vandamer Lecture Company, run by Ralph Burg, Wyman Kurtzman and Ernest Generau. The first scene is the Inauguration Day at Washington. Amid loud applause the new president addresses the excited populace. We find with joy that the president is none other than Allen Melville, and the vice-president, Charles Ham. Gerald D'Hooze, one of the political bosses, had charge of their campaign. As the picture fades another presents itself. The title reads, "Grand Reception to World Non-Stop-Fliers." We find Charles Berman, Bernard Levowitch, Arthur Sands, and William Bruce beaming happily as they are wildly acclaimed by a tumultuous multitude.

Still another flash heralds, "Grand

International Tennis Tournament." Joanna Collins, U. S. Tennis Winner of the Foster National Prize, is playing in the tennis tournament at Cannes. The Foster Prize is offered by Reid Foster, a famous tennis promoter. An exciting headline introduces the next scene which reads: "Thrilling Rescue at Great Quincy Fire by Ross Patten, Chief of Fire." The next flash shows the Shea Gum Factory, owned by Edward Shea, in flames, and Chief Patten is seen rescuing people on the eighth floor and performing spectacular, acrobatic gymnastics in his attempts. The members of his fire company are Robert Leggett, Vincent McAskill, Muges George, Charles Moreton, Bertil Bergstedt and James Epsom.

We return with the next scene in the crystal ball, to the commercial world. We see a busy factory in St. Louis, owned and operated by Sydney Kurtzman, the famous billionaire manufacturer of the Kurtzman Question Books—"Ask and You Shall Learn." This is the ask me another fad that is all the rage. However, as we all remember, this is not an unusual occupation for Sydney. In his spare moments he serves as Mayor of St. Louis. His live wire salesmen are: Watson Leitch, Hyman Kovner, Stanley McDonald and Walter Young.

The crystal flares into a desert scene. Across the sandy stretches of the Sahara, a caravan of camels proceeds in solemn step. On closer observation we find that the leaders are Dorothy Adams, Anna Corson, Ellen Fagerlund, Mary Thomas and Annie Gangi. They are members of the "Geographical Researchers for Gold," in the Sahara. As they proceed farther they come upon a large group of engineers working busily. We discover that this is the Carl Anderson and Walter Roberts Electrical Engineering

Company which is running a subway from Cairo to Capetown for Sunday afternoon excursions.

The next scene on the crystal flares forth in scintillating brilliance. It is the auditorium of the great Broadway Theatre, on Broadway, New York, owned by Francis Smith, John Duffy, playwright and producer, and Ernest Gagnon. The theatre is crowded to standing room, for this play, "College Daze," is being given for the benefit of the Red Cross, and many prominent society people, as well as dramatic stars are taking part. An excited audience is gathering. Charming lady ushers in period gowns are in their places. Among the ushers we see: Carrie Bohlken, Rosemary Fortier, Alice Lahey, Gladys Cole, Catherine Devaney, Marion Patterson, Dorothy Foley, Bernice Brown and Florence Foster. In the second now we find seven critics from rival newspapers. They are: Helen Mahoney, Anna Steele, Bertha Clancy, Joseph Winship, Randolph Haslett and James Foley. In one of the boxes sit George Clancy, financier from Wall Street and well-known philanthropist, and Laurence Hill, Chief Librarian of Yale University.

But hark! The orchestra platform is rising and when the director turns to acknowledge the applause from the audience we find that he is Francis Tatro, co-composer of the musical score of the play. The other composer, Hubert DeCoste, concert master, also bows. With a crash of cymbal and muffled rumble of drum, the overture has commenced. The lights dim under the skillful direction of electricians, Walter Bramble, Thomas Joyce, John Foley and Earle Lauretto.

With a swish, the crimson velvet curtains part, disclosing the entrance to Stanwood University. (A glance at our

program tells us that Adrienne Kelcourse has painted the scenery.) A merry group of college girls and boys romp onto the stage in dilapidated automobiles, and then arrange themselves to sing the opening chorus. We recognize several of the graduates from Central among them. The nine lively boys in blazers and white flannels now doing the still famous "Varsity Drag," are left to right: Maurice Stigh, Arthur Le Brecque, George McMahon, Hugh Hamill, Edward Cutler, Gilbert Booth, Roland Swanson, Gunnar Erickson and Girmano Marcelli. Amid thunderous applause they dance out and in glides a chorus of beautiful society girls, introducing the latest "Sorority Slide." Lead by Meredith Walsh, we see Helen Drummond, Burla Higgins, Jeannette Whitelaw, Edna Pelto, Anna McCoole, Dorothy White, Marjorie Dewey, Doris Liss, Ruth Murphy, Doris Tapley and Alice Savage. So clever is the dance that the audience can hardly keep from joining in.

But suddenly, the merriment ceases and an emotional wave sweeps over the Collegians. The leading lady, Virginia Cochrane, now a famous star, enters amid a male chorus. The leading man, William Sullivan, although a famous doctor, has given his time for this huge Red Cross Benefit Play; while the other members of this male chorus we recognize as Clarence Leahy, Catcher for the New York Giants; Jean Dufault, well-known business man; Roger McCormick, famous botanist; Carl Moberg, renowned member of the Metropolitan Opera Company; and Richard Bradford, novelist and poet. All through the merry play, charming melody and superb acting takes place. After numerous curtain calls—for particularly vigorous applause has been bursting



from a group of former students of Central, among the audience: Louis Guthrie, Catherine Golden, Irene Gullicksen, Selma Hassan, Elsie Larson, Isobel Smith, Evelyn Weymouth and Halga Mossberg, all stenographers in Mr. Guthrie's huge Candy Shipment Office—Virginia steps to the footlights and says:

"All of my great success I owe to the fact that I received my foundational stage training in my class play, 'Penrod.' To this the members of the cast affiliated with Central Junior High, cheer and clap loudly and so the curtain rings down in triumph.

Outside of the theatre are lines of taxis to which people scurry because of the heavy rain which is falling. We find that there are two rival taxi companies owned by Hugh Logan and Artur Donovan. The crystal takes us down Broadway until we are held up in a traffic jam. Through the misty rain we distinguished Robert Wenners as the tall, husky, deep-voiced traffic chief. He is reprimanding some unfortunate for getting a flat tire and holding up traffic. This unfortunate, we find is Willis Smith who is driving a heavy moving van for the Richard Holden Trucking Company. However, when Wenners finds that the driver is a graduate of Central Junior, all is forgiven and help is given him.

The crystal takes us to one of the brilliantly lighted restaurants along Broadway. The name is deceiving—"Pierre's." We immediately think of importations from Paris, but we are mistaken. As we enter the crystal and rose dining-room where after-theatre crowds are gathering to dine and dance, we discover that the proprietors are none other than Helen Fitzgerald and Mary Blake! The menus are unique, being written in

poetry, by Mary. The head waiter we find to be Fred Postello, while the check girl in colonial costume is Eleanor Saccoache.

These Broadway Scenes fade from view and we find that the crystal has brought us across the Atlantic to London, England. Buckingham Palace is ablaze with lights and color for Elizabeth Austin, the famous tragedienne and Harry Coleman, the greatest Hamlet of the stage, are presenting a request performance for Her Majesty.

We cross the channel to Paris, our next scene. The crystal brings us to a smart shop along the Rue de la Paix. Over an impressive doorway are engraved the words: "Maison du Keelere." On entering we find that this is a great fashion house run by our old friend Daniel Keeler! Among the models displaying his beautiful creations we see Arlene Carter and Marion McSorley.

The crystal now reflects a vivid splash of colors. A map of a great country is unfolded to us. It is the Kingdom of Somnolence, and its Right Royal Ruler is Philip Wall whose waking moments are given to novel writing. His Prime Minister is none other than John Shields, who mutters his commands in a monotone.

The next scene blossoms forth in a studious mood. A group of college buildings are before us. It is the University of Quiney, run by Anna Corbett, Eileen Cummins, and Lauretta Choquette. On entering we find several girls from Central as professors: Edna McPhee and Sara Tochinsky, who teach English; Eleanor Gilmartin and Thelma Goode who teach Algebra and Solid Geometry; Priscilla Josselyn and Clare MacDonald who teach Gym and Margaret Howes, Eleanor Worcester and Ruth Williams who teach music here as

well as in the New England Conservatory. Dora Di Gravio, we find, teaches esthetic dancing while Catherine Mac-Namera, Dorothy Close, Grace McNiff, Helen McCue, Marion McKenzie and Clare Colligan teach Self-Expression.

The scene changes to a view of the Milan Opera House. An expectant orchestra awaits the performance of "Carmen." The prima donna is Carmel El Hatton the "greatest Carmen of all times." The leading man is Donald Black. "Michula" is played by the popular singer, Isabella Marton. The cast includes Lena Mattina, Edna McGarry, Mildred Moreton, Helen Mustonen, Gladys Rogers, Adella Ross and Mabel Ryerson. The men are: Edward Burns, John Bresnehan, John Connors, William Cronin, Stanley Culpon, Francis Daley, Lawrence Decoste and Robert Dennehy. The grand ballet is led by Mary Daniels, premiere danseuse. The ballet chorus consists of Ruth Souden, Lillian Spadoreia, Evelyn Sweeney, Ruth Vera and Margaret Ruocco.

As this view fades another unfolds itself, telling wondrous tales of pugnaeous glory! A detachment of marines led by Major Daniel McAlpine and Lieutenant William Pasley have quelled an uprising in Timbuctoo. The brave men under them are Stephen Riley, Victor Nordstrom, John Sheehan, Howard Beausang, Arthur Hager and Clifton Hall.

The next scene that we see is a great room, softly lighted and hung in velvets of Spanish fashion. This is the studio of the scenario writers for the William Kyle Motion Picture Company. The writers are: Barbara Somers, Mary Rigby, Frances Bogan and Helen Lahey. They are composing a new story for John McArdell, famous comedian. As soon as it

is completed the manuscript will be turned over to the well-known Vincent Menz Printing House.

As this scene fades from view a great ocean liner can be seen sailing o'er the briny deep. Aboard it we find Alice Rogers and Gladys Neill sailing to France to complete their musical education. Mary Varney, Alice O'Connell, Saraphina Papile, Edna Prouty and Gertrude Queenan are sailing to the Mediterranean for a vacation cruise. We find that Maurice Guarcello is the captain of the ship and that among the crew are: Edward Kane, Walter Wold, Arthur Wells and Laurence Taylor.

On board, too, are Kevin Sweeny and Roderick Southworth headed to Scotland to compete in the International Golf Championship.

The Crystal blurs, and in a last mist of smoldering colors, the gates of prophecy close. The curtain has rung down, the stage is deserted, and here I find myself alone, thinking of that June 1928, when with bright hopes for the future, we were graduating from Central Junior High School and preparing to enter another school, ready, for tomorrow:

Tomorrow—'tis another day  
To work, to sing, to laugh, to play;  
But always striving that we may  
Reach toward our goal on  
Life's Highway!

HELEN LAHEY, June, '31.

## THE STORM

I camped this night on a wond'rous hill  
That sat by a lake so silent and still,  
The trees about so kindly stood  
One would hardly think they were made of wood.  
But then, oh, then, woe unto me!  
The wind arose and shook each tree;  
The moon above so silvery bright,  
Suddenly quavered, and sank from sight.  
Faster and faster, the storm swept on,



The air grew chilly, the wind forlorn;  
 'Till, with a sudden, deafening crash,  
 The thunder rumbled, the lightning flashed!  
 Forth from the sky in tumult and roar  
 Splattered the rain in drenching downpour.

EGORE BURGSTEDT, 8A L1.

### OUR CLASS

These gladsome days we're having  
 Are swiftly passing by,  
 And soon this happy class of ours  
 Will be leaving Junior High.

Our teachers have been helpful,  
 If a person would but try,  
 And I'm sure "we kids" will leave them  
 With a tear drop in each eye.

Mr. Goodspeed with his traffic,  
 Has lived up to his name,  
 And everyone of the teachers  
 Has played a winning game.

But let us not be gloomy,  
 For we have our mem'ries still,  
 When we enter Senior High School  
 Let us start with right good will!

ALICE O'CONNELL, 9A.

### DENTISTRY IN THE OLDEN DAYS

(NOTE: Achievement requires imagination.)

During the Alaskan gold rush, about the year 1850, a group of ten gold seekers had put up for the night and were preparing to endure a terrible storm which was close at hand.

To their many hardships was added the care of their brilliant leader, Joe. Without him they would be lost. Joe, a brave adventurer who had had much experience in trapping and hunting, was afraid of nothing. And now he was suffering with the toothache!

Harder and harder came the storm. The wind blew and whistled. The snow and sleet struck the tent like so many bullets. This was no remedy for Joe's toothache, in fact it pained worse than ever, if that was possible. Every conceivable aid was given: some for the best, but most for the worst. This state

of affairs continued for three days and three nights, during which Joe did nothing but pace around and around the tent. He could get no sleep, nor could his companions, for his moans kept them from rest, and added to their misery.

When the third night came Joe was nearly insane. He could endure it no longer. Something had to be done. Finally, Jim, one of the company, called Joe outside of the tent and pulled out of his pocket a string. One end he tied to the tooth and the other to the lead part of a bullet which he placed in his gun.

Bang! The men rushed out.

"What's up?" Then they saw Joe, jumping for joy. His tooth was out. Exhausted, but relieved, the men sought their bunks and sleep.

But just before dawn footsteps were heard outside. A man's voice called: "Let me in." The men rushed to the tent flap and flung it open. There stood a man of thirty. His clothes, or what remained of them, were in rags. His skin was scratched and torn, his eyes were bleeding from wounds, his fright was so great that he could hardly speak. After supplying the exhausted man with clothing and hot food, the men gathered about him to hear his story.

"While I was hunting," he began, "I was surrounded by a pack of wolves, all of which I managed to kill, except one. I had no shots left so I ran, even though I knew it was useless. The wolf didn't attack me as I expected, but kept only a few feet behind me. I realized that he was waiting until I was too weak to fight. When we had run, for what seemed miles, I felt my feet grow heavy and my legs weak. I fell, as I thought, to be torn into pieces by that famished wolf. But

nothing happened! Slowly I rose from the snow and looked around. I couldn't believe my eyes. There on the ground lay the wolf! I ran up and hit him a dozen or more times with my gun, and sure enough—he was dead. Blood was running down his forehead, as if he had been shot; and yet who could have shot him in this forsaken place? Then I noticed a string, dangling from the wound, and when I pulled with all my might, out came a tooth! It looked like a human being's, but that hardly seemed possible. See, here it is!"

"Good heavens! My tooth!" cried Joe.

"Your tooth?" the stranger gasped wonderingly. Then it was you who saved my life."

Then, still marveling at the strange caprices of fate, the gold seekers told their side of the story.

ELIZABETH AUSTIN, June, '31.

\* \* \* \*

### ENGLISH 9A L3

First, Philip Wall, with dark hair and brown eyes,  
 Surely you'd think he was wondrously wise.  
 Next comes "Dot" White, who modesty shows,  
 Still she's like ev'ry girl:  
 Always powdering her nose!  
 Then Anna Steele, who, we must realize,  
 For talking in class, captures the prize.  
 Silver comes next, bright and smart is the lad,  
 He reads very well, be it merry or sad.  
 Ted Darrah, an orator now in the making,  
 A critic or sect'y reports, a hero heart breaking!  
 And then there is "Sully" so full of high glee,  
 A world renowned doctor one day he will be.  
 Claire McDonald comes next, jolly maiden so fair,  
 Of greyish blue eyes and wavy brown hair.  
 And now I will tell of John, shortest one,  
 Of course you all know he's Mr. Shield's son!  
 Alice Savage our councilor of proud, haughty mein,  
 In Algebra class makes us all look quite green.  
 Howard Beausang, I think, many prizes could win;  
 Though he says very little, he has a nice grin.  
 Eleanor Worcester's a musical miss,

Who plays fiddle and piano with nary a miss.  
 Lillian Spadorcia is bursting with vim,  
 In Athletics and Leaders' Club, also in Gym.  
 Then there's Maurice whose last name is Guarcello,  
 Of Algebra fond and a very fine fellow.  
 Walter Roberts so quiet, of drawing does much,  
 And he revels in Algebra, Science and such.  
 Hymans Kovner and Kurtzman, we cannot keep straight,  
 For two quieter boys we've not found up to date.  
 William Pasley seems quiet and does as he's told,  
 But silence, you know, is as good as fine gold.  
 Helen Mustonen's laugh you surely must know,  
 And laughter, we think, has made Helen grow.  
 Ruth Murphy's a treasure, so laughing and jolly,  
 In "Penrod" she looked like a lovable dolly.  
 Last of all, as is fitting, comes Doris Liss,  
 For she, as you see, is the author of this.

DORIS G. LISS, June, '31.

### HAVEN'T YOU DONE THIS, TOO?

The back yard hut, consisting of a single room, now contained five youths, the sole members of the personally-famed "I. O. U. Club."

Plans of impossible occurrences were the predominating subject of interest. Frequent interruptions held their sway, while an occasional burst of laughter announced the enjoyment of participation in a good joke.

The conversation was this:

"Oh, we could never get that anyhow. A beauty pony, guns that wouldn't hurt anybody, and—

"I'll betcha there's sumpin' better'n that."

"What?"

"Have a whole mountain of ice cream for yourself."

"Hey, don't be silly! You couldn't eat a gallon if I paid you."

"I'll betcha I—"

"Oh, I know what! Let's have a 'spud bake'."

"Oh, yuh!"

"Oh, boy!"

"That'll be pippy!"



"Gee whizz, yuh!"  
 "All right, then. I can get two potatoes."  
 "I can get two, too!"  
 "Me too!"  
 "I can get three! Yes, sir!"  
 "Hey, how about you, Jassie?"  
 "Oh, nobody's home."  
 "Well that's what you want. How did you think we were gonna get them?"  
 "Sure, climb in the window."  
 "All right."  
 "But listen, everybody, be back here in five minutes."  
 "O. K."  
 "O. K. M. N. X."

And with several other choruses of approval the party broke up. Each boy galloped toward his home, and under the pretense of false duty fulfillments, slyly slipped a rather quaking hand into the potato package and withdrew several large potatoes. After this prank of youthful theft had been carried out to a degree of excellence, they departed languidly from the kitchen and retraced their steps to the dilapidated meeting-shack.

When all were again assembled the captain took a one-cent box of matches from under a floor board, and deposited it in his pocket. Now the caravan was ready.

In a few minutes the nearby quarry was reached,—their private, selected rendezvous.

Paper and wood were gathered and piled in a corner of their miniature bakery. The matches were presented to the "Chief Fire Lighter," and in a ceremony, characteristic of all boys the remnants and fragments of paper and wood were ignited.

While they scrambled away, leaving one person in charge of the blazing

fire, their chief motto was, "Out for wood."

Soon they returned, their arms holding quantities of dead limbs, et cetera. These they strew on the almost famished fire, and, in the warm ashes at the root, poked in their potatoes. They were now ready for the feast, save the time to wait for the baking of the "spuds."

Happy thoughts flashed through their minds of the results of eager patience.

"At last! Done! Baked! Hurrah! Yah!"

Although they were not as they had anticipated, yet they served the purpose of satisfying their craving for nature's delicacies. As they removed the black skin and sank their teeth into the soft, hot mass, an incessant volume of steam arose from within, and circled around their heads, as if to crown them for their patience.

But things must pass along. Too soon the feast was ended. Too soon they left the glowing embers, and almost mournfully departed for their homes to return to the order of errand boys, not "rapscallions."

JOHN DUFFY, June, '31.

## THE WORLD SERIES

Fans all over in a flutter,  
 Sidewalks jammed from fence to gutter,  
 Millions packed at radios  
 Learning how the big game goes.  
 Banker, preacher, loafer, clerk,  
 Rich man, poor man, Greek and Turk,  
 Asking till you get the wearies,  
 Who will win the doggone series.  
 Miles of fans from every state  
 Swarming to the ball-yard gate:  
 Young and old and lean and stout,  
 Some with tickets, some without.  
 Ball-yard! Hordes a-flocking in it,  
 Turnstiles clicking every minute.  
 Crowded stands, a breathless wait,  
 Players coming through the gate.  
 "Fungo batting," catching flies,  
 Infield practice, beaming skies,  
 "Umps" arriving, stern and glum;

Someone calling, "Crook and bum;"  
 Band a-playing in the stand—  
 "Umpah, Umpah, ain't it grand?"  
 Peanut butchers with their blare;  
 Landis posing with white hair;  
 Mayor arrives in tall silk hat;  
 Babe Ruth waves his sturdy bat.  
 Mobs still swarming, through the gate,  
 "Ump" a-dusting off the plate.  
 Pitchers warming up have quit,  
 Catcher dons his mask and mitt,  
 Man announces batteries,  
 Sounds as if he's going to sneeze.  
 Man in frock coat, in the stand  
 Tosses ball in, gets a "hand."  
 Players ready for their fate,  
 Batter steps up to the plate,  
 Pitcher winding up and zing!  
 There's the first ball smoking in!  
 Coacher starts to talk his con—  
 Wow! The Series game is on!

RICHARD BRADFORD, June, '31.

### THE UNKNOWN

"Uxtry! Uxtry! Unknown robs  
 Tine's jewelry store! Uxtry! Yes, sir,  
 Journal gives de best story! Two  
 cents, sir! Yup, Tine's jewelry store!  
 Twenty thousand dollars! Mostly  
 jewels an' diamonds."

His pile of papers rapidly dwindling  
 under the onslaught of the five o'clock  
 rush and the added attraction of an-  
 other robbery by that boldest of crooks,  
 The Unknown, Ted Rafferty, street  
 urchin, stuck to his post, answering  
 questions as fast as they were shot at  
 him, counting out change and keeping  
 his weather-eye open at the same time.

The rush past, only an occasional  
 purchaser hastened up, bought a paper  
 and then hurried down the street, head  
 buried in the interesting story of The  
 Unknown's latest outrage.

"Say, I know you!"

The remark halted a young man, who  
 turning around, looked at Ted. He  
 saw a young boy, with a frank, open  
 face, and shining brown eyes.

"Well, who am I?"

"Yer Jeff Varlen, an' I betcha I  
 know watcher doing in dis burg, too!"

"Wait a minute, not so loud." Jeff  
 Varlen, for it was he, looked around  
 anxiously. "Can you come with me?"  
 he said at last.

"Sure, dere's a friend of mine across  
 de street, he'll sell de rest of my papers  
 fer me."

The friend posted, Ted followed Jeff  
 into a nearby lunch room, and sat down  
 in the farthest corner.

"Now," began Jeff, "how is that you  
 know so much about me?"

"Oh, I reads all de papers an' I've  
 seen yer pitcher lots a times, an' I seen  
 how yer caught dat thief and how you  
 found out dat murderer, an' all dem  
 oder cases dat you've taken up an' now  
 yer here to ge The Unknown," Ted  
 finished triumphantly.

"Well, from what I gather you seem  
 to be pretty keen about mysteries."

"You said it," said Ted, "an'  
 wontcha' please let me help yer get  
 dat crook, The Unknown?" he added  
 urgently.

"All right, now listen. The Un-  
 known has robbed the three largest  
 stores in this city, at intervals of ex-  
 actly one week. Well Friday night  
 he'll commit his next robbery. I in-  
 tend to post myself in the Metropolitan  
 Jewelry Store, because I think he'll try  
 there next. I want you to hang around  
 outside, so that if anything happens to  
 me, you can shadow him when he goes  
 out and see where he goes. Do you  
 understand?"

"You bet I do, an' I'll be dere wid  
 bells on," answered Ted.

"But remember," added Jeff,  
 "you've got to keep mum about this  
 until it's all over."

Then they parted, Jeff headed for  
 the Metropolitan Jewelry Store to ar-  
 range details, and Ted headed for his  
 post to find his friend and get his  
 money.



Walking down Bristol St. toward the store, Jeff saw two men, one of whom looked familiar. Catching up to them, Jeff slapped him on the back.

"Hello, Jeff," greeted the man, not looking at all pleased to see him. "How's the detective business?"

But the sharp eyes of the detective were not on Charlie Roberts, but on his companion who gave a start at the mention of Jeff's profession.

Jeff saw in the man a sort of hunted look and noticed immediately that one of his shoes was raised about two inches in order to hide a slight limp.

Following Jeff's gaze, Charlie said, "Meet my friend, Randolph Cortland. Mr. Cortland, Mr. Varlen."

Both men bowed in recognition.

"Sorry, Jeff," spoke Charlie, "but we've got an appointment here. So long."

"Wonder why that fellow Cortland got so nervous when Charlie spoke of my profession," thought Jeff, as he hastened toward the store. "Oh, well, I'll soon find out."

\* \* \* \* \*

Friday night came at last. Ted Rafferty was hiding under some bushes and Jeff Varlen was behind a box in the store. An hour passed of wasted vigilance, but they were soon rewarded, for down the street and up to the door of the store came a man in a heavy overcoat. He picked the lock, opened the door and walked in. Once inside, he produced a flashlight and went over to the safe, placed his ear against the door and turned the dial over, first slowly, and then with increasing speed. There was a click and the man opened the door. He was apparently hindered by the overcoat, for he arose and took it off, letting it fall on the floor.

"Now was the time," thought Jeff.

He got up and rushed toward the kneeling man, but that worthy was too quick for him, for he picked up the flashlight and knocked Jeff on the head with it. Then without a sound he opened the door, stepped out into the darkness and walked away. But following him was the faithful shadow, Ted Rafferty.

The next morning Ted met Jeff at the lunch room. Jeff was none the worse for his encounter except for a sore spot on his head.

"I lost him in the fog," said Ted ruefully. "He musta ducked into some doorway an' den I lost him."

"That's all right, Ted, I know who he is, anyhow."

"Who is he?" pleaded Ted.

"You wouldn't know if I told you. But I'm going over to his house now. Want to come?"

"Do I want a million bucks?" came the quick answer.

Jeff gave his directions to a taxi driver, who quickly hustled them to Charlie Robert's apartment, where he hoped to find the man he was looking for. He was about to knock on the door when he heard the voices of Charlie Roberts and Randolph Cortland speaking together in a heated argument.

"You put me up to do this, Roberts," Cortland was saying, "and now the cops will be after me. I'll have to skip right away and I want my share of the swag."

"Well you're not going to get it because you didn't do that job last night. You must be getting cold feet, running away after you've knocked a detective cold and the money six feet away from you."

This was all Jeff wanted to hear, so he opened the door and held the men at pistol point while he sent Ted after the police.

"He's The Unknown," said Cortland, pointing at Charlie Roberts, "he forced me to do all the dirty work, because he has a phoney cheek that I forged, and he's threatened to squeal on me if I didn't break into the stores."

"How did you know he broke into the store?" asked Roberts of Jeff.

"Well, when he picked up the flashlight I saw the star tatooed on his wrist, and when he rushed at me, he forgot about his phoney limp, and last of all, he forgot his overcoat with the letters in the pockets and that explained everything."

"He would," said Charlie.

BERNARD LEVOWICH, June, '31.

### THE CLASS 8A-JB-1

We are the class 8A, J B-1,  
We're full of wisdom and full of fun,  
We work hard and get in some joy, too,  
I think that's the right spirit now, don't you?

There is a girl with a temper tame,  
Audrey Robbins is her name,  
Her hair is long and falls in curls,  
She is the very best of girls.

There is a boy named George Kinnard,  
Who is very smart and studies hard.  
His eyes are blue, his hair is red,  
He has a very brainy head.

Doris Lantz is as sweet as a rose  
From the tops of her head to the tips of her toes,  
Her hair is blonde, her teeth like pearls,  
She is one of the nicest of girls.

Edward Hammond, a nice boy is he,  
And he's just as funny as he can be.  
He makes you laugh when you want to cry,  
In his presence you can never sigh.

Sybil Pamplin, a gay little lass,  
She's not at the head nor the foot of the class.  
In school her lessons take up her mind,  
And her teachers never a fault can find.

David Eng, so quiet in class,  
There isn't a lesson that David can't pass.  
He pays strict attention to his lesson each day,  
For he knows that this alone will pay.

Ragnhild Lindberg is excellent with pen,  
From A to Z, from one to ten,  
Her letters are perfect, and I'll tell you,  
She's good in other lessons, too.

Robert MacArthur, the councilor of our class,  
We know in his studies he surely will pass,  
And if he keeps on this same way  
He may be our major on some fine day.

Lillian Allen, I'm sure you will find,  
That she's fair in her studies and fair in her mind.  
She's kind-hearted, cheerful, and never is blue,  
And to her friends she will always be true.

Stewart Smith, a light-hearted lad,  
Always is happy, never is sad.  
Perhaps his music makes him so,  
Because the trumpet he surely can blow.

Katherine Johnson is a bright, jolly chum,  
And whether you go, or whether you come,  
She will stick by you always, will always be there,  
To brighten your spirits with cheerful air.

Dorothy Mason, a great old sport,  
She isn't too tall, and she isn't too short.  
To sell you a ticket is right in her line,  
And in all of her studies, she's doing fine.

A girl in our class is tall and slim  
She goes at her lessons with a great vim,  
Gertrude Allen is her whole name,  
Some day I hope it may bring her fame.

Smith is the best-known name in the state,  
It's Doris Smith of whom I relate.  
She's not going out for the president's chair  
But with her fine brains she could surely get there.

Elizabeth Boutilier is good in her class  
If she keeps on working in her studies she'll pass.  
She is a brunette, and is easily teased,  
With her marks in her studies she's usually pleased.

It is Edna Bagnell's jolly way  
To be happy and cheerful all the day,  
To look thoughtful and study, oh, very hard,  
And get those "A" marks on her card.

Of all the nice things that I can say  
About the girls that come my way,  
Ruth Lawrence comes with the first, you see,  
Now don't you all agree with me?

On the library staff Virginia Hogan works hard.  
Checking the book and stamping the card,  
Her studies at school she does not neglect  
On the traffic squad she's among the select.

In our fair class one can easily find  
A girl whose actions bring to the mind;  
She's lovable, cheerful, always game,  
Frances Johnson is her name.

Edith Anderson, a charming young girl,  
Her eyes are blue, she has many a curl,  
Her poise is perfect; with me you'll agree,  
When she wants to study, she's a busy bee.



A girl with a musical temperament,  
 Corrine Johnson is music bent,  
 In years to come we'll see her name  
 In all the music halls of fame.

Hazel Foley, a great girl is she,  
 She's just as good as she can be,  
 She does her best with never a sigh,  
 Keeps jolly and happy and never says die.

Althea Cohen comes last of all,  
 She's about five feet, three inches tall;  
 She's not extremely smart, yet neither dumb,  
 She's just a happy med-i-um.

ALTHEA COHEN, June, '32.

## WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

(Excerpts from Autobiographies)

### PITCHING PRACTICE

One day when I was about three years old my mother had to go to Boston, so she asked a neighbor to stay with me. The neighbor, who was a young woman, did not watch me very carefully, but read magazines and books, until my mother came home. After thanking the lady, my mother went out into the kitchen and found me. There was I, on the top of the table, throwing eggs against the wall just to watch the splash! Luckily, my mother arrived then, because I had thrown a whole dozen eggs and had broken them all!

ALEX WILLIAMSON, 9B L.

### A FISH STORY

When I was very young, just old enough to know what frying pans were for, I had quite an experience. As I was all alone in the house, I decided to have something to eat. Out of their bowl I took four gold fish and put them into the frying pan. I lighted the gas and was frying the fish merrily when in stepped my mother! My feast was ruined, then and there.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN, 9A L.

### ANOTHER "VERMAN"!

Once when I was three years old my aunt was fixing a boiled egg in a cup for me and I saw a piece of the egg shell fall into it. I shouted excitedly:

"Oh, Aunt Nellie! I hink I hee a hell in 'at." She still speaks of it to this day.

ROBERT SULLIVAN, 9B L.

### AN EXPERIMENT

When I was two years old I had a rocking horse called a flying horse. One day my mother went to the store, and a brilliant idea came into my head. I opened the window and threw my flying horse out. But it did not fly as I expected. Instead, it fell to the ground with a crash! When my mother came home she wore out my father's strap on me. Ever since then I have not tried to make rocking horses fly.

WALTER YOUNG, 9A C.

### FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Miss Balboni: "The remark is entirely uncalled for."

Miss Brown: "Don't be so blasé!"

Miss Bruton: "One point off!"

Miss Burke: "Thanks a lot."

Miss Cole (when a visitor comes in to the room): "Excuse me, class."

Miss Dixon: "Goodness, gracious, me!"

Miss Donovan: "Sit up straight in your seats."

Mr. D'Entremont: "We're in the hole now."

Mr. Fish: "Report at ten minutes to three in the detention room."

Miss Gizarelle: "Is your spelling all done?"

Mr. Goodspeed: "Right!"

Miss Hanley: "Please be quiet."

Miss Kennedy (when something is dropped on the floor): "Shot at sunrise."



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



Mr. King: "Did you ever get hit with a basketball?"

Miss Lydon (when a pupil forgets to state dollars and cents): "Apples, oranges or shoe-strings?"

Mr. Lynch (when answering the telephone): "Mr. Lynch speaking."

Miss McAllister: "I don't know where it is."

Miss Montgomery: "Good work."

Mrs. Palmer: "You may go."

Miss Publicover: "What is the weather this morning?"

Miss Randall: "Louder on the basses."

Miss Richmond: "Watch out for the needle."

Miss L. Smith: "Be sure your notebooks are in on time."

Miss Webster Smith: "Bon jour, mes élèves."

Miss Stockwell: "Is there anything that I can do?"

Miss Scanlon: "You're the noisiest class in the building."

Mr. Silva: "Horrors!—Keep to the right, boys!"

Miss Stout: "Now, children, keep quiet."

Miss Taylor: "Keep to the right, girls!"

Miss Turner: "An elevator would be helpful."

Miss Welch: "Is that sportsmanship?"

Miss Woodbury: "Do your own work."

Miss White: "This is not the place for homework."

Miss Wordell: "Enunciate clearly."

Mr. Whiting: "Well, that makes you a member of the 866 club."

\* \* \* \*

## FUN IN THE GARDEN

I have a flower garden,  
It's all my very own,

I love in early mornings  
To work in it alone;  
It's near my neighbor's garden  
Which is very large and fair  
And nearly every flow'r that grows  
I'm sure is blooming there.

CORINNE JOHNSON, 8A L3.

## 9A CLASS CENSUS

*Adams, Dorothy* "Dot"

Basketball.  
"Never a trouble, never a frown."

*Anderson, Carl*

Skipper of Nautical Club.  
"Whilst you seek new friendships, cultivate the old."

*Austin, Elizabeth*

Dramatic Club; Civil Service Commission;  
Class Play.  
"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes  
In every gesture dignity and love."

*Baker, Eileen*

Dramatic Club.  
"My life upon her faith."

*Beausang, Howard* "Bud"

Nautical Club.  
"His hair is of a good color."

*Bergstedt, Bertil* "Bert"

Traffic; Reporter's Club; Usher 9A Play.  
"Following his declared fate."

*Berman, Charles* "Charlie"

Chess Club; Dramatic Club; Class Play.  
"All the world's a stage, where every man  
must play his part."

*Black, Donald* "Don"

Baseball Club.  
"Jesters do often prove prophets."

*Blake, Mary*

Traffic; Glee Club.  
"Poetry has been to me its own exceeding  
great reward."

*Blake, Thomas* "Tom"

Councilor-at-Large; Granite Chips; 9A Entertainment Committee; Vice-President 9A;  
Track; Assembly Committee.  
"He has the wild stag's foot."

*Blowers, Harriet* "Happy"

Councilor. '27; Councilor-at-Large, '28; Basketball; Cheer Leader; Glee Club; Leader's Group; Pottery Club; Assembly Committee.  
"Oh, Happiness! Our being's end and aim."

*Bogan, Frances* "Sunny"

Handwork Club.  
"She sitteth in silence."

*Bohlken, Carrie*

Traffic; Dramatic Club.

"A happy heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

*Booth, Gilbert*

"Gillie"

Traffic; Class Play; Leaders' Group.

"Speech is better than silence, and silence is better than speech."

*Boulvier, Helen*

Traffic; Dramatic Club.

"The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge."

*Bradford, Richard*

"Dick"

Usher Class Play; Basketball Club; Asst. Manager Track Team.

"And if I laugh 'tis that I may be thinking merry thoughts."

*Bramble, Walter*

"Briars"

Usher 9A Play; Baseball Club.

"Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
In the feet or in the head?"

*Brennan, Eugene*

"Duke"

Traffic; Baseball Club.

"Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,  
So, therefore, I am merry."

*Bresnahan, John*

"Jack"

Traffic; Chess.

"A moral, sensible, and well bred man  
Will not affront me—and no other can."

*Brown, Bernice*

Traffic; Hiking Club.

"Silence is the perfect herald of joy."

*Bruce, William*

"Bill"

Basketball; Baseball.

"Oh, blessed Health!  
Thou art above all gold and treasure!"

*Burg, Ralph*

Traffic; Orchestra; Instrumental Club.

"Music revives the recollections, it would  
appease grief."

*Burns, Edward*

"Burnsy"

Health; Track Club.

"A harmless lad with a baby's face  
Who tries hard and makes his place."

*Carter, Arlene*

Dramatic Club; Traffic.

"Intelligence is not her only virtue."

*Choquette, Lauretta*

"Lally"

Traffic; Library Staff.

"As merry as the day is long."

*Clancy, Bertha*

"Bert"

Pottery Club.

"Virtue is its own reward."

*Clancy, George*

President 9A; Councilor, '27; Dramatic Club.

"Let me have audience for a word or two."

*Close, Dorothy*

"Smitty"

Traffic; Basketball; Leaders' Club.

"Her limbs were cast in manly mould,  
For hardy sport, or contest bold."

*Cochrane, Virginia*

"Ginny"

Chairman of Health Department; Treasurer  
9A; Dramatic Club; Library Staff; Class  
Play.

"She is a little lady, right merry and right fair,  
With tiny feet and fingers, and curls of  
golden hair."

*Collagan, Clare*

"Collie"

Secretary 9A; Dramatic Club.

"I feel in every smile good cheer."

*Cole, Gladys*

Hiking Club.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

*Coleman, Harry*

"Happy"

Dramatic Club; Class Play.

"A merry heart goes all the day."

*Collins, Joanna*

Dramatic Club; Class Play; Tennis Tournament.

"Nobility is the one and only virtue."

*Connors, John*

"Johnnie"

Cheer Leader; Nautical Club.

"Variety's the very spice of life."

*Corbett, Anna*

Traffic; Pottery Club.

"I am different, modest and shy."

*Cornish, Elizabeth*

Traffic; Dramatic Club.

"There is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies grow."

*Corson, Anna*

Handwork Club.

"A happy disposition is a gift of nature."

*Culpon, Stanley*

"Stan"

Baseball.

"His very foot has music in it,  
As he comes up the stairs."

*Cummins, Eillen*

Handwork Club.

"There is great ability in knowing how to  
conceal one's ability."

*Cutler, Edward*

"Eddie"

Dramatic Club; Class Play.

"Come, sit down every mother's son and re-  
hearse your parts."



- Daly, Francis* "Frank"  
Traffic; Nautical Club.  
"His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft."
- Daniels, Mary*  
Handwork Club.  
"My delight is in the dance."
- Darrah, Theodore* "Ted"  
Mayor, '27; Dramatic Club; Leaders' Group;  
Granite Chips, '27.  
"This fellow seems to possess but one idea,  
and that is a good one."
- DeCoste, Geoffrey Hubert* "Hubie"  
Dramatic Club; Assistant Manager Track;  
Class Play.  
"It matters not what men assume to be;  
Or good, or bad, they are but what they are."
- DeCoste, Lawrence* "Larry"  
Track Club.  
"He that will not, when he may,  
When he will, he shall have nay."
- Del Vecchio, Joseph* "Joe"  
Traffic; Dramatic Club; Leaders Group; Class  
Play.  
"He is of a free and open nature."
- Dennehy, Robert* "Bob"  
Orchestra; Instrumental Club.  
"He's a jolly good old fellow, which nobody  
can deny."
- Dewey, Marjorie* "Midge"  
Pottery Club.  
"I have a heart and room for every joy."
- D'Hooge, Gerald* "Jerry"  
Traffic; Baseball.  
"I never dare to write as funny as I can."
- DiGravio, Dora*  
Dramatic Club.  
"Her looks were like beams of the morning  
sun."
- Donovan, Arthur* "Arta"  
Track.  
"Some hearts are hidden, some have not a  
heart."
- Drummond, Helen* "Duke"  
Councilor, '28; Basketball; Hiking Club.  
"Unthinking, idle, wild, young,  
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung."
- Dufault, Jean*  
Usher 9A Play; Glee Club.  
"Oh, why should life all labor be!"
- Duffy, John* "Duf"  
Dramatic Club; Class Play; Councilor-at-  
Large.  
"None but an author knows an author's cares."
- El Hatten, Carmel*  
Glee Club; Basketball; Dramatic Club.  
"Blessed with the grace of dancing."
- Epsom, James* "Jimmie"  
Nautical Club.  
"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
And ev'ry grin so merry draws one out."
- Erickson, Gunnar*  
Track.  
"Silence is deep as Eternity."
- Fagerlund, Ellen*  
Councilor, '28; Traffic; Granite Chips.  
"Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to  
heaven."
- Fitz Gerald, Helen*  
Dramatic Club.  
"She walks in beauty, like the night."
- Foley, Dorothy* "Dot"  
Hiking Club.  
"Thy actions to thy word accord."
- Foley, James*  
Chess Club; Granite Chips.  
"Your good disposition is better than gold."
- Foley, John* "Johnny"  
Chess Club.  
"Silence is a safe course for any man to  
follow."
- Fortier, Rosemary*  
Dramatic Club.  
"Great thoughts come from the heart."
- Fostello, Fred* "Freddie"  
Basketball Club.  
"Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn."
- Foster, Florence*  
Book Club.  
"Hold the fort! I am coming!"
- Foster, Ried*  
Traffic; Usher; Class Play.  
"No hurry in his mind,  
No hurry in his feet."
- Gagnon, Ernest*  
Track.  
"Slow and sure."
- Gangi, Annie*  
Book Club.  
"Gentle to hear, gentle to judge."
- Genereau, Ernest* "Dick"  
Traffic; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Track;  
Class Play.  
"A good ear for music and a taste for music."

- George, Mujez* "Smudge"  
Baseball.  
"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."
- Gilmartin, Eleanor*  
Traffic; Library Club.  
"Better late than never."
- Golden, Catharine* "Giggles"  
Pottery Club.  
"I am sure care is an enemy to life."
- Goode, Thelma*  
Councilor, '27; Handwork 'Club.  
"Airy tongue that syllables men's names."
- Guarcello, Maurice*  
Traffic; Chess Club.  
"A merry little man is he."
- Guindon, George* "Eddie"  
Councilor, '28; Granite Chips; Entertainment Committee; Assistant Manager Track; Assembly Committee; Head Usher, 9A Play; Orchestra.  
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
- Gullickson, Irene* "Gully"  
Toymakers' Club.  
"Tis good in every case you know,  
To have two strings unto your bow."
- Guthrie, Louis* "Louie"  
Board of Health; Nautical Club.  
"He is not of many words."
- Hagcr, Arthur* "Hage"  
Track Club.  
"I scorn to change or fear."
- Hall, Clifton* "Clif"  
Nautical Club.  
"Brave sailors plow right through the sea,  
But what kind of a sailor is he?"
- Ham, Charles* "Charley"  
Health, Soccer; Chess Club.  
"A merrier man  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal."
- Hamill, Hugh* "Scottie"  
Chess Club.  
"He that spareth his speech hath knowledge."
- Haslet, Randolph* "Randy"  
Baseball Club.  
"His heart and hand both open, and both free."
- Hassan, Selma*  
Book Club.  
"The very pink of perfection."
- Higgins, Burla*  
Dramatic Club.  
"Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye."
- Hill, Lawrence* "Larry"  
Library Staff; Track.  
"From my own library, with volumes that I prize above my dukedom."
- Holden, Richard* "Dick"  
Traffic; Dramatic Club.  
"Some teacher!"
- Howe, Margaret* "Peg"  
Traffic; Dramatic Club.  
"Her heart is true as steel."
- Josselyn, Priscilla*  
Councilor, '28; Basketball; Slugball; Traffic; Leaders Club; Assembly Committee.  
"Beware of her fair hair."
- Kane, Edward*  
"Men of few words are the best men."
- Keeler, Daniel* "Bill"  
Orchestra; Dramatic Club; Head Usher Balcony; Class Play; Reception Committee.  
"His style shows the man."
- Kelcourse, Adrienne*  
Granite Chips; Art Editor.  
"My tongue within my lips I reign,  
For who talks much; must talk in vain."
- Kovner, Hyman*  
Chess Club.  
"I am always in haste but never in a hurry."
- Kurtzmann, Hyman*  
Track.  
"Silence gives consent."
- Kurtzmann, Sidney*  
Chess Club.  
"Hear me, for I will speak."
- Kyle, William* "Bill"  
Traffic; Chess Club.  
"Who mix'd reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."
- LaBrecque, Arthur* "Art"  
Nautical Club.  
"His best companions innocence and health."
- Lahey, Alice*  
Hiking Club.  
"A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty."
- Lahey, Helen*  
Clerk '27; Granite Chips.  
"Every pleasant, ever kind."
- Larsson, Elsie*  
Pottery Club.  
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."
- Lauretto, Earle*  
Chess Club.  
"Pictures must not be too picturesque."



*Leahy, Clarence*

Soccer; Usher Class Play; Baseball.  
 "The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils."  
 President Council '27; Leader's Group Cheer

*Leggat, Robert*

"Bob"

Leader; Baseball Club.  
 "What a spendthrift is he of his tongue!"

*Leitch, Watson*

"Waty"

Councilor '28; Usher Class Play; Track.  
 "I am monarch of all I survey  
 My right there is none to dispute."

*Levowich, Bernard*

"Barney"

Chess Club.  
 "I loathe that low vice Curiosity."

*Liss, Doris*

Granite Chips; Entertainment Committee;  
 Dramatic Club.  
 "Intelligence is not her only virtue."

*Logan, Hugh*

"Hughie"

Soccer; Baseball Club.  
 "Ye are sae grave  
 Nae doubt ye're wise."

*Mahoney, Helen*

Workshop Club.  
 "An open hearted maiden, true and pure."

*Marcelli, Girmano*

Baseball Club.  
 "Humor has justly been regarded as the finest  
 perfection of poetic genius."

*Martin, Isabella*

Pottery Club.  
 "A perfect girl, and nobly planned  
 To warn, to comfort, and command."

*Mattina, Lena*

Traffic; Book Club.  
 "Lack of desire is the greatest of riches."

*Melville, Allen*

"Bill"

Mayor '28; Basketball; Leader's Group;  
 Track; Usher Class Play.  
 "You'd scarce expect one of my age  
 To speak in public on the stage."

*Menz, Vincent*

"Menzy"

Book Lover's Club.  
 "To study is decent  
 So thinks our Vincent."

*Moberg, Carl*

"Blondie"

Traffic; Glee Club; Usher Class Play; Track;  
 Granite Chips.  
 "Music is the universal language of mankind."

*Moreton, Charles*

"Charlie"

Health; Track.  
 "Happy am I; from care I'm free!  
 Why aren't they all content like me."

*Moreton, Mildred*

"Millie"

Hiking Club.  
 "She's all my fancy painted her  
 She's lovely, she's divine."

*Mossberg, Helga*

Traffic; Handwork Club  
 "Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

*Murphy, Ruth*

"Spud"

Traffic; Dramatic Club; Class Play.  
 "A merry heart has she."

*Mustonen, Helen*

Granite Chips; Traffic.  
 "'Tis well to be merry and wise."

*MacAlpine, Daniel*

"Dashing"

Soccer; Captain Basketball; Baseball Club.  
 "He stands the shadow of a mighty name."

*MacDonald, Clare*

"Mac"

Traffic; Basketball; Pottery.  
 "Faith is everything."

*MacDonald, Stanley*

"Stan"

Nautical Club.  
 "Labor is the best sauce."

*MacKenzie, Marion*

Pottery Club.  
 "They can, who think they can."

*MacPhee, Edna*

Hiking Club.  
 "Prosperity asks for fidelity."

*McArdell, John*

"Mac"

Traffic Track.  
 "Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands  
 upright."

*McAskill, Vincent*

"Vincie"

Soccer; Baseball Club.  
 "A lad who knows no sorrow  
 Is a lad that knows tomorrow."

*McCoole, Anna*

"Mac"

Councilor '27; Hiking Club.  
 "If to his share some female errors fall,  
 Look in her eyes and forget them all."

*McCormick, Roger*

Usher Class Play; Glee Club.  
 "All men are poets at heart."

*McCue, Helen*

Pottery Club.  
 "Bashful as a schoolgirl."

*McGarry, Edna*

"Eddie"

Handwork Club.  
 "She thinks, therefore she exists."

*McMahon, George*

"Micky"

Health; Baseball Club.  
 "His bark is worse than his bite."

- McNamara, Catherine* "Kitty"  
Book Club.  
"All our knowledge is ourselves to know."
- McNiff, Grace* "Gracie"  
Traffic; Granite Chips; Basketball.  
"From the looks not the lips is the soul reflected."
- McSorley, Marion*  
Traffic; Reporter's Club.  
"Virtue is the way of life."
- Neill, Gladys*  
Handwork Club.  
"The very pink of perfection."
- O'Connell, Alice*  
Traffic; Glee Club.  
"As merry as the day is long."
- Papile, Serafina*  
Handwork Club.  
"With eyes that looked into the very soul."
- Pasley, William* "Pop"  
Leader's Group; Usher Class Play; Track.  
"In judgment old."
- Patten, Ross* "Rose"  
Chief of Fire '27-'28; Class Play; Granite Chips.  
"An upright chief."
- Patterson, Marion*  
Traffic; Workshop Club.  
"Gentle mannered, kind and true."
- Pelto, Edna*  
Workshop Club.  
"She speaketh only to break the silence of the sea."
- Prouty, Edna* "Ed"  
Glee Club.  
"On the stage she was natural, simple, affecting; 'twas only that when she was off she was acting."
- Queenan, Gertrude* "Spince"  
Dramatic Club.  
"Her smiles and tears had passed as light winds pass."
- Quin, Margaret* "Peggy"  
Leader's Club.  
"Very meek and mild."
- Rigby, Mary*  
Chief of Traffic '28; Basketball; Dramatic Club.  
"Thought is deeper than all speech."
- Riley, Stephen* "Rip"  
Nautical Club.  
"Fortune helps the brave."
- Roberts, Walter* "Bobby"  
Traffic Club; Usher Class Play; Chess Club.  
"God gives us youth but once."
- Rogers, Gladys* "Gladly"  
Hiking Club.  
"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."
- Ross, Adella*  
Traffic; Handwork Club.  
"She laughs as softly as she sighs."
- Ryerson, Mabel* "Bud"  
"She doeth little kindness  
Which most leave undone, or despise."
- Saccoache, Eleanor*  
Handwork Club.  
"A good thing is appreciated more by its absence."
- Sands, Arthur* "Sandsie"  
Granite Chips.  
"No man is born without his dreams."
- Savage, Alice* "Della"  
Councilor '28; Granite Chips '27, '28; Basketball; Traffic; Class Play; Leader's Group; Reception Committee.  
"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."
- Shea, Edward* "Eddie"  
Basketball; Baseball.  
"The boy with the curly hair."
- Sheehan, John*  
Book Lover's Club.  
"Do not detain me!"
- Shields, John* "Shieldsie"  
Baseball Club.  
"As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean."
- Silver, Bernard* "Barny"  
Chess.  
"Oh! how wonderful is the human voice."
- Smith, Francis* "Smitty"  
Baseball.  
"Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
Gone tomorrow and here to day."
- Smith, Isobel* "Issy"  
Dramatic Club; Glee Club.  
"Be check'd for silence but never tar'd for speech."
- Smith, Willis* "Will"  
Baseball Club.  
"If you can fill the unrelenting minute  
Yours is the earth and everything in it."
- Somers, Barbara* "Babs"  
Dramatic Club.  
"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

*Souden, Ruth*

Book Lover's Club.  
 "A maiden hath no tongue but thought."

*Southworth, Roderick* "Rod"

Baseball Club.  
 "Speech is better than silence,  
 Silence is better than speech."

*Spadorcia, Lillian* "Spuds"

Councilor '27; Traffic; Basketball.  
 "Strength of mind is exercise, not rest."

*Steele, Anna*

Granite Chips; Traffic.  
 "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

*Stigh, Maurice*

Chess Club.  
 "A good man and true."

*Sullivan, William* "Sully"

Granite Chips; Soccer; Basketball; Baseball;  
 Leader's Group; Track; Class Play; Reception Committee.  
 "He was straight and strong and his eyes were blue  
 As the summer meeting of sky and sea."

*Swanson, Roland*

Nautical Club.  
 "From the crown of his head to the soul of his feet he's all mirth."

*Sweeney, Evelyn*

Hiking Club.  
 "As true as steel."

*Sweeney, Kevin*

Chess Club.  
 "Come let us tread a measure of the dance."

*Tapley, Doris* "Dodo"

Councilor-at-Large '28; Slugball; Entertainment Committee; Cheer Leader; Leader's Club; Reception Committee.  
 "Be gone, my cares, I give you to the wind."

*Tatro, Francis*

Orchestra; Instrumental Club; Traffic.  
 "He has moved a little nearer  
 "To the masters of the music."

*Taylor, Lawrence* "Larry"

Nautical Club.  
 "A most sensible and fit man."

*Thomas, Mary* "Buddy"

"None ever was a poet who applied himself much to anything else."

*Tolchinsky, Sarah*

Book Club.  
 "Grow, grow, little tree."

*Varney, Mary*

Dramatic Club.  
 "She attracts with her gentle virtues."

*Vera, Ruth* "Ruthie"

Handwork Club.  
 "Nobody knows how much I want to grow."

*Wall, Philip* "Phil"

Usher Class Play; Track.  
 "The most bewitching leer with his eyes."

*Walsh, Meredith* "Babbs"

Pottery Club.  
 "And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A nymph, a naiad, or a grace  
 Of finer form; or lovelier face."

*Wells, Arthur* "Flat"

Baseball Club.  
 "Laugh and be fat."

*Wenners, Robert* "Bob"

Track; Reception Committee.  
 "A man's man."

*Weymouth, Evelyn*

Traffic; Book Club.  
 "The lovely lady."

*White, Dorothy* "Dot"

Granite Chips; Basketball.  
 "Her face is like the light lingering in a sunset sky."

*Williams, Ruth*

Library Staff; Traffic; Book Club.  
 "Music hath charms."

*Winship, Joseph* "Windy"

Basketball; Dramatic Club; Class Play.  
 "A true gentleman is what one seldom sees."

*Wold, Walter* "Wallie"

Baseball Club.  
 "Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look."

*Worcester, Eleanor* "A-ha"

Orchestra; Glee Club; Leader's Club.  
 "I am ever happy when I hear music."

*Young, Walter* "Youngie"

Councilor-at-Large '28; Baseball Club.  
 "One may smile!"

*Whitelaw, Jeannette* "Blondie"

Councilor '27; Dramatic Club.  
 "Her voice was ever soft."

*Ruocco, Margaret*

Handwork Club.  
 "Her smile is like a rainbow."



*Joyce, Thomas*

Chess Club.

"Happiness consists in the constitution of the habits."

ALICE SAVAGE, June, '31.

HELEN LAHEY, June, '31.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN, June, '31.

GEORGE GUINDON, June, '31.

### WHAT I WANT TO BE

I want to be a sailor,  
And sail the Seven Seas,  
Then to come home again,  
And dwell in hand won ease!

HAROLD HILSTROM, 8A M.

### CENTRAL

Central's on the top,  
Central can't be beat,  
In basketball or soccer,  
In slugball or in meet.

HAROLD HILSTROM, 8A M.

### FOR THE HONOR OF THE SCHOOL

To begin with, the Centerville High School baseball nine was a team to be proud of. It boasted the best pitcher in the Sunset Valley League! He was a strong, sturdy fellow of seventeen, named "Chick" Halloran. Not over bright in his studies, still he managed to maintain marks high enough to keep him on the school team. As the time was drawing near for the game with Moosehead Lake High all the players on the squad were working earnestly to be in tip-top shape. "Chick's" bosom friend, "Mush" Malloy, was, by luck, the catcher on the varsity team and "Chick" and he had perfected a very clever battery indeed.

At last came the day upon which the two ancient rivals were to battle for the championship of the league! It was considered a half-holiday in Centerville and all the stores closed at twelve o'clock. The game was scheduled for

two o'clock, but at one the people were rapidly filling the benches. At one-thirty the players began their practice, each team taking turns batting and fielding.

Promptly at two o'clock, the umpire called time, announced the batteries, and the big game was on. Moosehead won the toss and Centerville took the field. "Chick" retired the first two men coming to bat and the third popped a fly into the shortstop's hands. The Moosehead pitcher, likewise, retired the Centerville players easily.

The game was nip-and-tuck, nothing happening until the last of the eighth inning, then "Chick" seemed to "go up in the air." The first man up got a hit and landed safely on first base. The next man, the center fielder, was the heaviest hitter on the team. "Chick" knew that the safest thing to do was to let him hit and trust to luck that an outfielder would get the ball, so he threw a fast one right over the plate. The batter hit the ball a fearful crack, and it went sailing out toward right field. The fielder ran in and made a one-hand grasp for the ball and pulled it down. But he fell in doing so and, though the batter was out, the runner on third came in, making the score 1—0 in favor of Moosehead. "Chick" began to tighten and he retired the next two batters in one-two-three order.

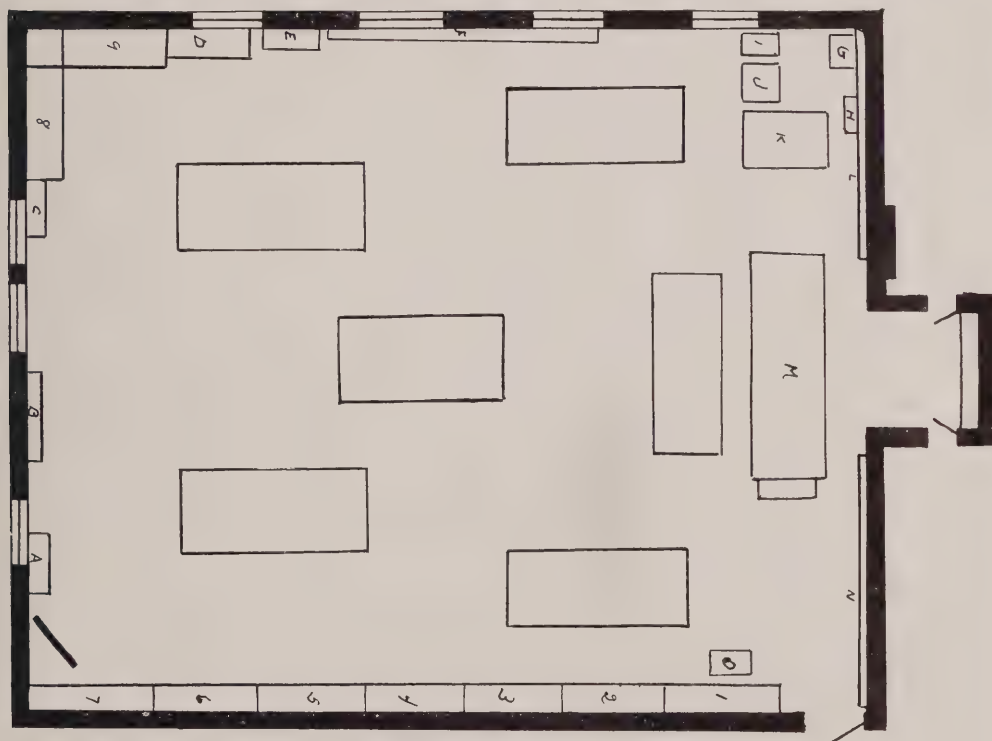
The first Centerville man up managed to get to first on a pass. "Mush," the next man up, hit a "two-bagger," advancing the man on first to third, and himself to second. "Chick" was next in the batting order and he knew that the only way to "square" himself would be to get a safe hit. He decided to wait the pitcher out as long as possible. The first ball thrown was a strike, the second was also a strike. "Chick" then decided to hit. The next ball was perfect, so he swung. He hit the ball

squarely, and it went sailing out into the field. The fielder, misjudging it, ran in, but the ball kept on going and landed quite a distance behind him. The man on third ran home, tying the score, and "Mush," being on second, ran to third and then home, making the score 2—1 in favor of Centerville. The fielder, recovering the ball, threw it to second, getting "Chick" as he slid. The next man up struck out and the following man popped a fly to the pitcher, re-

tiring the side.

"Chick" had no trouble now striking out the next three men, and giving Centerville the championship of the Sunset Valley League. The players rushed to the dressing rooms so that they would not be mobbed by the crowd, but this did not stop the victory crazed fellows from lifting "Chick" on their shoulders and carrying him around, chanting his name in unison.

GEORGE GUINDON, June '31.



**PLAN OF THE CENTRAL JUNIOR  
HIGH LIBRARY**

- 1—020-Encyclopedias
- 2—320-380
- 3—393-600
- 4—607-656
- 5—666-910
- 6—910-938
- 7—Old Magazines
- 8—B-973 Biographies
- 9—Fiction Books
- A—Public Library
- B—Display Case
- C—Ink Stand

- D—Ink Table
- E—Dictionary
- F—Magazine-Rack
- G—Vertical-File
- H—Book-stand
- I—Typewriter
- J—Desk
- K—Librarian's Table
- L—Bulletin Board
- M—Charging-Table
- N—Bulletin-Board
- O—Small Table



BASEBALL SQUAD





### SPIRIT WINS MORE THAN ONE GAME FOR A TEAM

A team can win more games by having a group of pupils behind, cheering and urging it on, than one can possibly imagine.

The pupils of Central Junior High proved this during the basket ball season for both the boys and girls. Spirit means a lot. If you people stay away from a game a team fights, but not as hard as it does when you're there. The players are not fighting for themselves, but for *you* and the *school*. If they are in a "tight" place they fight, but something is missing and that something is Spirit. It urges them on no matter how tired or weary they are. They put all they have and then some more, into the game, because they feel the back bone of all games,—Spirit. So you do your part and the teams will do theirs.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN, 9A L.

### BASEBALL

The baseball team of Central Junior High, coached by Mr. Lynch, started the first game of the year with North Junior. It was a close contest, hard fought and won by North with a score of 3—2. The next game with Quincy Point, was won by Central, the score was 10—0. In the next game with South, Central was beaten badly, the score being 15—1. However, the following game with South was a battle indeed, lasting fifteen long innings. In the fifteenth

inning, South put over the run which decided the game by a margin of 3—2. The remaining games have been postponed on account of rain and will be played as soon as the weather permits.

The Central Lineup is as follows:

Catcher .....	Leahy
Pitchers.....	Haynes, Sullivan
1st Base .....	Bruce
2nd Base .....	Shea
Shortstop .....	Captain Swift
3rd Base .....	Carroll
Left Field .....	Freel
Centrefield .....	Culpon
Right Field .....	D'Hooge

### BASEBALL CLUB

The officers of the Baseball Club are as follows: Captain, William Sullivan; Manager, John Carroll. There are 42 members in all. In Club periods we have discussed the rules of baseball and how each position should be played at different stages of the game. Mr. Lynch also points out the mistake made in certain plays.

RICHARD BRADFORD, 9A L.

### TRACK CLUB

Officers

President .....	ROBERT WENNERS
Vice-President .....	STEPHEN FOLLETT
Secretary .....	PHILIP WALL
Treasurer .....	WILLIAM NASH

The Central Junior Track Club was organized at the beginning of the second semester this year, under the guidance of Mr. Fish. The object of the Club is to study the different track and field events and to make us all more familiar with the fine technicalities of these various contests. Books have been read aloud describing the different forms and methods used by the outstanding stars. Diagrams on the board have been useful, too.

A scrap-book has been made containing pictures of Paddock, Sabin, Carr, and other men who will go down in the history of track as phenomenal. At one meeting, Physical Director William Whiting, gave a very fine description and story of the Pennsylvania Relays from a coach's point of view.

We are all looking forward to the Olympics this summer. We expect to be able to enjoy the newspaper accounts of these matches much more because of having discussed the prospective candidates so thoroughly this spring. Of course this Club serves a two fold purpose:—it creates a present interest and keeps it high, and also, we hope, provides us with a hobby which may be of great value to us through life.

STANWOOD S. FISH.

### BASKETBALL

The Central Junior High School Basketball team was organized under the leadership of Miss Brouton. The team was made up of the following players: Forwards, Captain Priscilla Josselyn, Harriet Blowers, Helen Drummond and Mary Rigby; guards, Dorothy Close, Lillian Spadorcia, Dorothy Adams and Grace McNiff; center, Alice Savage; side centers, Clare McDonald and Carmel H. Hatton.

Our first game was played with North Junior High in their gymnasium, ending with a score of 41—17 in favor of North Junior.

Several days later a game was played in South Junior High School gymnasium and the result was a score of 15—12 in their favor.

The next game was played in our own gym against South Junior, resulting in a score of 22—12 in our favor. A great many came to this game and cheered under the able leadership of "Dodo" Tapley, Bob Wenner and Bob Liggat.

Again we played North Junior, but this time it was in our own gym. It was a game well worth seeing, with a score of 26—22 in our favor. A good crowd came from North to cheer their players, but Central had them beaten this time!

The next game we played was at South Junior High and was attended by quite a number of Central students. The game was decidedly in Central's hands at the end of the first half, with a score of 4—12. The result of the game was a score of 20—8 in our favor.

The last and deciding game, which was to determine who was to play the sophomores at Senior High School, was played with North in their gymnasium. A great many of North's boosters and Central's supporters attended this game.

It was North who made the first basket, then Central made one and again North. It continued this way until the beginning of the last half, when Central shot to the lead. Finally the game came to an end with a score of 29—16 in our favor. Central had won the championship of the girls' basketball players for the year of 1928 and she was to play the sophomores at Senior High the following week!

The following week the girls were in the gymnasium of the Senior High

School playing the sophomores. Central kept the lead at the very first of the game but soon the sophomores caught up and kept the game a tie. At the end of the game the score stood 12—12. As the score was a tie the teams played five minutes more. At first the score was 13—13 and then 14—14, then one minute before the five minutes were up a basket was made by Harriet Blowers, making the score 15—14 in our favor.

Harriet Blowers and Priscilla Joselyn made most baskets in all the games combined, but if it had not been for the splendid work of the guards, centres and side centres these baskets could never have been made, and we all wish to extend our congratulations to the championship girls' basketball team of 1928.

BARBARA WALSH, 9B L2.

### **GIRLS' BASKETBALL BANQUET**

Following the game with the sophomores, the girls went to the cafeteria, where a delightful banquet awaited them. During this time Miss Brouton thanked all the girls for the work they had done on the basketball team. Monograms were awarded and many games were played.

BARBARA WALSH, 9B L2.

### **TRACK**

The Central Junior High School Track schedule and squad for 1928, is as follows:

#### **Schedule**

Central Junior High vs. Quincy High School 2nd, May 24.

Central Junior High vs. Milton Academy 2nd, May 31.

Central Junior High vs. Weymouth High School 2nd, June 7.

Other games pending:

Field Day, Intra-City Junior High Schools, Milton High School 2nd team.

The members of the Track squad are as follows: Wenners, MacLellan, Follett, Anderson, Genereau, McIntosh, Kurtzman, Hill, Erickson, Wall, Williamson, Blake, Melville, C. Moberg, D. Moberg, Lagnon, Moreton, Paine, Giarusso, Gagnon, Gegobbe, Sullivan; Assistant Managers, Guindon, DeCoste, Leitch, Keene.

The first Track meet of the season was held Tuesday, May 29, 1928, at the Oval with the Senior High School seconds. The score was 46—13 points in favor of the Senior High seconds.

The next meet was held at Milton, May 31, 1928, with the Milton High seconds. Central was defeated 42—17. Tom Blake, however, set up a new school record in the 440-yard run, his time being 56 seconds. Other meets are being looked forward to with great interest.

\* \* \* \*

### **TENNIS**

The Tennis Tournament, which has been in progress for the last three weeks, has been the cause of much enthusiasm on the part of the seventh, eighth and ninth grade girls. The committee in charge comprises: Barbara Walsh, 9B, chairman; Dorothy Mason, 8B, and Natalie Clark, 7A. The matches, so far, have been played off in the gymnasium, but it is the hope of the committee to secure the Merrymount Courts for the semi-finals and finals.





TRACK SQUAD

## EXCHANGE

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges and hope that all criticisms will be kindly taken:

"The Beacon," Buckingham Junior High, Springfield, Mass.

"The Belmont Junior High Enterprise," Belmont Junior High, Belmont, Mass.

"The Blue and Gold," Malden High School, Malden, Mass.

"The Daytonian," Frank Ashby Junior High, Newtonville, Mass.

"The Log Cabin," Lincoln Junior High, Medford, Mass.

"The Manet," North Junior High School, Quincy, Mass.

"McDonogh Chatter," McDonough Girls' High, New Orleans, La.

"The Tuskegee Messenger," Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

"The Waxa Beacon," Waxa High, Waxahachie, Texas.

"The Review," Lowell High, Lowell, Mass.

"The Archive," North East High School, Philadelphia, Penna.

"The Catamount," Bennington High School, Bennington, Vt.

\* \* \* \*

### Comments

"The Daytonian": Your "Bookshelf" was very clever. Don't you think your literary department should be bigger?

"The Manet": Your "Line Jokes" were very amusing. We have hunted and hunted but failed to find the Exchange.

"Belmont Junior High Enterprise": Very interesting, we all say, but why not have some cuts?

"McDonogh Chatter": Your "Last Will and Testament" is very unique.

"Log Cabin": Your December edition was very "Christmasy."

We are very pleased to have such a large number of contributors to our Exchange Column, and we shall appreciate comments on our magazine.

ALICE SAVAGE.

ANNA STEELE.



### HEARD IN ASSEMBLY

Mr. Goodspeed (calling roll of members of traffic squad): "Elizabeth Cornish?"

(No answer).

Mr. Goodspeed: "Elizabeth Cornish?"

Mr. Fish (raising hand): "Right here! Mr. Goodspeed."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Cole: "Bernard Silver, will you please remove your hat?"

Bernard (still keeping his hat on): "Please say it again, Miss Cole."

Miss Cole: "Why?"

Bernard: "Oh, 'cause I want to remember how your voice sounds during vacation."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Turner: "Read the next sentence and name the punctuation mark at the end." (It was a question mark).

Bill Keeler: "Where are you going, little button-hook?"

\* \* \* \*

Harry Coleman: "My father is smarter than George Washington."

John Duffy: "What? Your father smarter than George Washington?"

Harry Coleman: "Yes, sir. You see yesterday he told me not to go fishing and I went. When I got home he asked me if I had gone and I said, 'no.' But he said he knew better and what a whaling I got!"

John Duffy: "Well, what of that?"

Harry Coleman: "George Washington couldn't tell a lie, but my dad, you can't fool him, he can tell one every time!"

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Lynch (Science): "Who can describe a caterpillar?"

Bright Student: "I can, Mr. Lynch."

Mr. Lynch: "All right. What is it?"

Bright Student: "An upholstered worm."

\* \* \* \*

Latin Scholar Reading Virgil: "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—and that's as far as I got, teacher."

Latin Teacher: "Well, I think that that was quite far enough."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Palmer: "Come now, you can't sleep in class."

"Eddie" Guindon: "I know it, I've been trying for half an hour."



## HEARD IN ROOM 4

Miss Cole (after long discussion of fog in London): "What might you expect to see in London, Alex Williamson?"

Smart Alex: "Oh—English sparrows!"

\* \* \* \*

Ancient Mariner: "And we didn't have a thing to eat for weeks!"

Sweet Young Thing: "No?"

Ancient Mariner: "And then we turned turtle and ate that."

## FROM OUR ENGLISH PAPERS

One day while playing in our backyard the milk man came down the street.

When in the crawling stage it happened that my mother was talking to a neighbor.

The secret garden helped Mary by growing fatter.

## "KINGS"

The class composition was on "Kings," and this is what one boy wrote:

"The most powerful king on earth is Wor-king; the laziest, Shir-king; one of the worst kings, Smo-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; the quietest, Thin-king; the thirstiest, Drin-king; the slyest, Win-king, and the noisiest, Tal-king."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Miss Cole: "What is a Spanish grandee?"

Bright Pupil: "Oh that's an olive. I've seen them in the grocery stores."

\* \* \* \*

History Teacher: "No one will be given liberty to speak."

Student: "Give me liberty or give me death."

History Teacher: "Who said that?"

Student: "Patrick Henry!"

## HEARD IN ROOM 7

Barbara Smeaton (Chairman of English class): "I don't quite get your point."

Austin Fish: "Well, here's my pen."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Turner: "What was behind the fireplace in Mr. Bracebridge's house?"

Foster Campbell: "The chimney."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Fish (in Science Class): "Of what use is atmosphere?"

Emery Baker: "Atmosphere holds the lack of air."

\* \* \* \*

9A: "Say, you want to keep your eyes open around here today?"

8A: "Why?"

9A—" 'Cause you'd look like a nut if you kept 'em closed."

—*Exchange.*

Penrod: "What's your dog's name?"

Sam: "Spearmint."

Penrod: "Why do you call him that?"

Sam: " 'Cause his tail is wriggly."

—*Exchange.*

Doctor (to dying patient): "Do you wish to make any will?"

Patient: "No, Doc, only a request."

Doc: "What may the request be, sir?"

Patient: "That you bury my Ford beside me."

Doc: "What's the idea?"

Patient: "Well, I'll tell you, Doc, I never got in a hole that it wouldn't pull me out of."

—*Exchange.*

"Sully": "What will later make the barefoot boy realize the happiness of his former days?"

"Blakie": "Corns."

Heard in Room 25 during the Latin Class of 9B4: "I wonder if a drunkard has to learn the declension of "hic" before he can become drunk?"

#### HEARD IN SCIENCE CLASS OF 9B4

Pupil: "What happens to a person that grows too fat?"

Mr. Fish: "They get fallen arches."

#### IF NICKNAMES ARE ABOLISHED

We may expect to hear about William-of-fares, Roberted hair, Philiping stations, Danieldruff, Dorothy and Dash, Busy as a Beatrice And Howard!

—*Totem Pole.*

Professor (coming into classroom): "Order, please!"

Absent Minded Pupil: "Ham and eggs."

—*Exchange.*

Miss Montgomery: "What are the four most commonly used words among pupils?"

Clever One: "I do not know."

Miss Montgomery: "Correct!"

#### BACK STAGE DURING "PENROD"

Miss Burke: "Now where did I leave my pocketbook?"

Ted Darrah: "Where is that button?"

Miss Balboni: "Where is that gun?"

Boys: "Miss Cole, will you tie this tie, please?"

Miss White: "Where is that lip stick?"

Alice Savage: "Where's my broom?"

Miss Hanley: "Softer on the thunder!"

Mr. Fish: "Make it fast now, Penrod!"

Gilbert Booth: "Hi hee him!"

Joe Del Vecchio: "Is my moustache on straight?"

Herbert De Coste: "May I borrow that carnation?"

Tom Blake: "Get out of my way, I've got to run this fan."

Miss Wordell: "That's your cue."

Harry Coleman: "Wow! it's hot!"

William Sullivan: "Where's that silk hat?"

John Duffy: "I've lost my wooden gun!"

Virginia Cochrane: "Help me with my shawl, please."

Charles Berman: "Mary, where in thunder is that collar button?"

Elizabeth Austin: "Oh, Henry!"

Ernest Genereau: "I'll close the door."

Edward Cutler: "Don't I look like a girl!"

Joanna Collins: "Georgie, tell them what you told me before you left home."

Ruth Murphy: "Is my crown on straight?"

Joseph Winship: "I feel like a sissy!"

Wilfred Crozier: "Don't push me in too soon."

Ross Patten: "Is my belt high enough?"

Mr. Goodspeed: "Shall I make my speech now?"

Miss Cole: "Warn me before that gun goes off, please!"

Entire Cast: "When do I come in next?"

WILLIAM SULLIVAN, June '31.

THOMAS BLAKE, June '31.

## Autographs

David H. Lippard  
Silanwood S. Fish

Eleanor Hickend  
Helen Souden.

M. Anson Mackenzie  
Dorothy Carlson  
June Hodgkinson  
Curt Peterson.  
Linnea Lind. H.  
Mary C. L. Lly.  
Virginia L. Prout.  
Barbara L. Smeaton  
Mabel E. Mabel.  
Helen M. Lisdale  
Rosemary Fortier



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